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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1912.

The Week

Exceptional interest attached to the elections on Tuesday in Ohio and Vermont, and of the two it may be difficult to say which was of the greater importance. In Ohio the defeat of woman suffrage, the adoption of the initiative and referendum, and the approval of a local-option amendment stand out conspicuous; but there were also many other Constitutional proposals of high importance which have been adopted. In the Vermont election, the interest was of a different kind; and, in the present conjuncture, the significance of the result has a greater immediate appeal to national interest. The outstanding fact is that the Democrats have held their own, in spite of the utmost exertions which Mr. Roosevelt himself, not to speak of other Bull Moose orators, put forward to bring about a showing which should animate Rooseveltians all over the country with the hope of victory in November. They cut deep into the Republican vote, to be sure, but there is no evidence of any defection to their side from the Democratic ranks. If this may be accepted as in any degree a trustworthy indication of what is going on in the feelings of voters throughout the country, it forecasts an overwhelming victory for Woodrow Wilson on November 5.

Mr. George Harvey argues out, in the *North American Review*, the possible failure of any of the Presidential candidates to win the requisite majority in the electoral college; the possible inability of the House of Representatives to decide, as prescribed by the Constitution, which of the three shall be the President, and, therefore, the possible exercise of the Presidential powers, for the next four years, by Vice-President James S. Sherman. As most people are aware, the basis for such a calculation is that if the Third Party were to get the electoral vote of certain States, it might, even though itself standing third in the electoral college, prevent either Wilson or Taft from getting the 266

votes which would be necessary for an electoral majority. The choice would then constitutionally devolve on the House of Representatives, which must, however, vote by States and not by members, and must cast a majority of such vote in order to elect. But, although Democratic by its individual plurality, the House is tied by States—22 of its State delegations containing more Republicans than Democrats, 22 containing more Democrats than Republicans, and 4 being evenly divided. The House, then, might be unable to make a choice. But the Vice-Presidency, if no majority is obtained in the electoral college, is referred to the Senate, which chooses, by majority vote of the individual Senators, between the two highest numbers on the list. Since the Senate now contains a Republican majority, it would presumably elect a Republican Vice-President, and the Constitution further provides that if the House shall have made no choice for President by the 4th of March, "then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President."

We have not taken great interest in these calculations, except as they may be termed an "example" in political arithmetic. Twice in our history has a Presidential election been thrown into the House. On the first occasion, that of 1800, Jefferson and Burr had tied in the electoral college; but the reason for it was that, under an earlier constitutional proviso, now repealed, all States voted for two candidates for President, the second candidate on that vote becoming Vice-President. Burr received all of his votes in the electoral college from exactly the States which voted for Jefferson. The precedent, therefore, could not hold to-day. The case of 1824 was different. There were four candidates in the field for President, and the campaign was so arranged that a deadlock was virtually inevitable. Mr. Stanwood's "History of the Presidency" points out that in only five States were all four candidates presented; that in six others there were only three tickets, in seven States only two tickets, while in six States electors were chosen by the Legislature. In a large part of

the East, no Jackson ticket was voted for; in many Southern States there was no Adams ticket. These two candidates led on the popular vote and in the electoral college, but Crawford and Clay, largely because of the peculiar nature of the contest, carried three States each, and thereby prevented any majority in the college. This provides no parallel whatever for 1912. As regards the vote in the House, it is interesting to recall that 36 successive ballots were necessary before Jefferson finally got his majority in 1800, whereas Adams was chosen in 1824 on the first vote of the House.

Some figures just published by the Census Bureau throw an interesting light on Mr. Roosevelt's sudden conversion to suffrage. From them it appears there are no less than 671,396 women of voting age in California alone, 213,425 in Colorado, and 69,818 in Idaho. Wyoming has only 28,890 women who can ballot, Utah 85,729, while in Washington the balance of power is held by 277,727. No wonder, therefore, that Jane Addams is to take the stump in these States, and that every effort is to be made to win the women voters for whom hitherto the politicians have had so little use. In football parlance, the Progressives "have the jump" on the older parties, and even if the latter wished to fall in line, they are now outdistanced in the appeal for women voters. But that does not, of course, mean that all of them are to be for Roosevelt. There are plenty who have seen through him, and plenty of able speakers and writers like Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Atherton, and Mrs. Harriman to present the other side.

Thanks to Attorney-General Wickersham, the American Bar Association at its annual meeting in Milwaukee disavowed the action of its executive committee in voiding the election of the three colored lawyers, Messrs. Morris, Lewis, and Wilson, and confirmed them in their membership in the Association. This was a notable victory for Mr. Wickersham, and constitutes a severe censure for the president, Mr. S. S. Gregory, and the executive committee. Unfortunately, however, it was brought about by a compromise which bodes ill

for the future, in that it provides that hereafter any local committee which nominates a candidate must state whether that candidate is white or negro. The resolution also recites in its preamble that it "has never been contemplated" that persons of the negro race should be chosen to membership. What encouragement will there be to negro attorneys hereafter to avail themselves of those advantages of the Association which special committees of the Bar Association have been holding out to lawyers the country over? If the answer is that no encouragement is desired, we can only say that the Association will then give the lie to many of its professions. Fortunately, this is one of the questions which cannot be settled until it is settled aright, and it will return to plague the Bar Association until the color line is done away with.

It is well that the Bar Association did not limit itself to a strong protest against the recall of judges, but had something to say about the scandalous condition into which court procedure has fallen in many of our States. There appears to be much force in Mr. Judson's plea for giving judges more power to expedite the business before them. He cited the rules recently adopted by the Supreme Court of the United States, which have already had the effect of markedly cutting down the delays in litigation. No duty more urgently presses upon the bar than that of finding ways to break roads through the jungle of technicalities that now surround lawsuits, and in particular criminal trials. Take the remark made recently by one of the counsel for the accused New York policeman, Lieutenant Becker. Forecasting the trial of that indicted officer, the lawyer coolly says that it will take two months to get a jury and three months more to try the case. Now, such a state of the law is simply disgraceful. It is shocking in itself and it is the deepest reproach to the legal profession.

Following the Bar Association, the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology also had its meeting in Milwaukee. Upon the hearts and consciences of its members, too, the urgency of law-reform lay heavily. The matter was weightily presented in the Presidential address of Chief Justice Winslow of Wisconsin, who outlined the

obvious reforms to be fought for. We must make both our criminal codes and our procedure simpler. The prosecution of crimes should be by information, not necessarily by indictment. One of the reports presented to the Institute showed how marked is now the tendency in the States to authorize, or at least make optional, prosecution by information. It is now the law in twenty-four States, though all of them originally required that criminal cases of the grade of felony should be prosecuted by indictment. The report would make short work of the abuses of appeal, and of reversals for non-essential technical error in the court below. The note struck at the Institute was really inspiring. The earnest and able lawyers there bringing their minds together, were evidently thinking less of their profession by itself than of the common good. They felt, as did Romilly, that they as lawyers "owed something" to their country, and that they could pay the debt in no better way than by laboring to make the administration of justice more swift and certain.

We wish that there were some way creditable to the State of South Carolina by which we could explain the re-nomination of Gov. Blease. But all we can say is that a democratic community has made use of its God-given right to blunder. Primarily, it ought to make us very humble and very slow to criticise the Nicaraguans and Mexicans for their failure to govern themselves as well as we wish them to do. Here was a man who had been accused of downright grafting and met the charges chiefly by threatening to "lick" those who made them; a man who stood openly for mob murder, whose general administrative failings we have not space to enumerate. Yet he deceives a small majority into believing that black-guardism is what should rule South Carolina. Even Senator Tillman would not stand for him, which is saying not a little. At one of his meetings Blease called a little girl over to him, and when she came, said: "You see, even the little children come to me and trust me." Whereupon a man in the audience answered: "That's because they don't know you." "I'll lick the man that said that if he'll show himself," cried Blease. We cannot help feeling that the bulk of the voters of South

Carolina are still like the children—they do not know Blease yet.

Collier's Weekly printed last week an attack upon Senator Warren of Wyoming of a detailed severity not often equalled in the press of this country. If a tenth of what it alleges is true, Senator Warren should be written down with Penrose as another Senator who ought to be retired to private life at the earliest possible moment. It has long been known that Senator Warren represented the type of Senator who is in politics for the profit in it, and that he did not hesitate to use his position for the benefit of his family's welfare. But *Collier's* charges specifically that Senator Warren is a perjurer; that his son drew Government pay as a clerk while a student at Harvard; that his sheep are grazed on the Government lands at Fort D. A. Russell, and that he personally has "violated Federal laws, for the violation of which others have been driven from the Senate and to Federal prisons." Besides his son, it is alleged that Senator Warren carried other counterfeit clerks on the Government pay rolls. The merits of these charges will, we presume, be ascertained in court or in the Senate. If they are correct, *Collier's* has surely done a notable public service.

Ninety-five years ago Madison vetoed the Bonus Bill appropriating \$1,500,000 to be distributed among the States for internal improvements, on the ground that there was no clause in the Constitution distinctly authorizing such an expenditure. Now the party of strict construction has taken the initiative in voting money to assist—and entice—the States to improve their roads. It is true that the motive in the two cases is not the same. In 1817 it was related to the difficulty of travelling Westward and to the poverty of the frontier communities. In 1912 the purpose is to provide more and better postroads, which will mean much for the rural delivery service and the parcels post. It is to be noted also that the later grant differs materially from the one that Madison stopped in that it may be availed of only as an addition to a local appropriation twice as great as that supplied from Washington. Thus a State or a group of counties may, under the

new law, receive up to \$8,000 for post-roads if it gives an earnest of its interest in them by voting \$16,000 for the same end, and conforming to the Government standard of road-building.

Mr. Wood of the American Woollen Company denies all knowledge of any conspiracy to "plant" dynamite in Lawrence, a crime for which he has been indicted and arrested. Fairness requires that he be given the benefit of his denial until the evidence is produced in court. But whatever be the fact about his personal complicity, there appears to be no doubt that the thing was done. In regard to the nature of that deed it is not necessary to suspend judgment. It was not only a crime but a peculiarly shocking and abhorrent one. To attempt to make it appear that the Lawrence strikers were preparing to blow up mills and kill innocent people by dynamite explosions, is an offence so despicable that any man proved guilty of it should not only receive the extreme penalty of the law, but should be regarded for the rest of his life as a moral outcast.

If the commission form of government can be successfully employed to solve the high cost of living, any doubts of its value must perforce vanish. No less a triumph is claimed for it in Des Moines, where the opening of municipal markets, according to *Civic Progress*, has accomplished wonders. If it be asked why the Iowans did not follow the example set by Mayor Shank of Indianapolis, the answer is that they saw certain disadvantages in the assumption of the rôle of merchant by city officials, which they hoped to avoid in a permanent public market. The results are reported as most gratifying. Although the city is the centre of what it proclaims to be the richest agricultural district in the world, prices had gone so high that necessities, so we are informed, were fast becoming luxuries. The advance in prices, however, was promptly reduced when the farmers began selling directly to consumers. The average reduction is put at 35 per cent. Thus it is demonstrated that "most of the high cost" was caused by the delivery charges, clerk hire, rent, etc., of the dealers. Get rid of them, and you free yourself of the high prices. It is not quite clear why their banishment should have made a

difference of only 35 per cent. in an admitted advance of prices of at least twice that.

The latest statistics showing the position of the American automobile industry are doubly interesting at this time, in view of the cry of protest that has gone up from English manufacturers over the competition of American machines. The strides made by our manufacturers in a decade are remarkable. The census of 1900 shows the value of motor cars manufactured in this country as \$4,748,000 in 1899, while the census of 1910 gave \$249,202,000 as the amount for the year 1909. Wages paid increased in the same time from \$1,321,000 to \$48,694,000. Imports of automobiles decreased from a value of \$4,000,000 in 1907 to \$2,000,000 in 1911. The quality of the work turned out here has improved, so that automobiles manufactured in this country are now comparable in most respects with those made in France, Germany, or England. Ten years ago the American automobile (doubtless with reminiscences of the bicycle) was viewed with considerable suspicion in Europe, and we exported then less than a million dollars' worth. Last year our export trade amounted to thirty millions, inclusive of parts and tires.

Mr. Bonar Law was elected leader of the Unionist party because those who cried so insistently "Balfour must go" craved a fighting leader. Mr. Law is certainly that, but the difficulty is that he has set a pace too fast for his party. By his wild talk of armed resistance in Ulster, he has provoked what the *Globe*, a Conservative paper, characterizes as a "piquant" situation. It is more than hinted that, should disturbances take place in Ulster, the Government will deal with them under the provisions of Mr. Balfour's Crimes act, applying to the Ulster gander the sauce that was originally concocted for the Nationalist goose. It would indeed be a fine example of irony if the weapon forged by a Unionist Government to suppress Nationalist disorder were employed by a Liberal Government to deal with an even more serious menace to public safety, aided and abetted by the leaders of the Conservative party. That the Unionists are sensible of the quandary into which the reckless utterances of Mr.

Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson have led them, is evidenced by the tone of their steadier newspapers. It is particularly significant that the *Birmingham Post*, the organ of the powerful Chamberlain section of the Unionists, should remark that "the toils in this matter are sharp-edged, and it is ominous that, coincident with all these alarming—or at best alarmist—reports from Belfast, the words 'treason-felony' are more and more to be heard from Liberals of considerable influence in their party to whom hitherto they have been strange." The leader who should "really lead" seems to have led his party into strange places, and Mr. Balfour might well be excused if, in the privacy of his study, he should permit himself just the vestige of a smile.

"The Passing of the Hat" is the subject of an article in a French newspaper, which inquires into the origin of the new vogue, noticeable this year at fashionable watering-places, that induces men to walk bare-headed in the streets. Naturally, the answer that jumps to the lips is—Americans. We should feel flattered at the wide range of influence that is attributed to us by the older nations of Europe. True, that influence is usually regarded as something peculiarly malign; there is a vague, uncertain quality about it which compels suspicion but defies analysis; it is, in fact—American. Athletics are becoming "Americanized"; the sensational press of London has adopted "American methods"; even the blameless youth of Oxford University is corrupted by our fashions and has taken to disporting itself in wide, baggy trousers. Now we are to be held responsible for the discarding of hats by the *jeunesse dorée* of Trouville and kindred spots. "Already," declares the writer of the article referred to, "the great people of the United States have imposed on Europe the suppression of the beard and of the moustache. . . . Today men's faces present themselves bare. And it is also from the United States that the bare-foot dancers came to us. Bare face, bare feet, and to-day bare head! The transatlantic people frighten us. Where will they stop, and what will be their demand next year?" Whatever it is, Europe now knows that it is in vain for her to kick against the American pricks.

CENTRALIZATION AND MONOPOLY.

In his principal speech at Buffalo on Monday, Gov. Wilson went straight at the heart of the Roosevelt propaganda. He did not draw up a blanket indictment against it. He indulged in no invective. He did not pronounce the whole thing either a fraud or a menace. What he did was to divide the vast body of proposals and aspirations and promises gathered together in the Bull Moose declarations into two parts, sharply cut off from each other by an unmistakable line of cleavage. The platform of the new party, he said, has two sides and two tones:

It speaks warm sympathy with practically every project of social betterment to which men and women of broad sympathies are now turning with generous purpose, and on that side it is refreshing to read. But that is not the part of the platform that reads like a programme.

There is another part of the platform that does read like a programme, the part that relates to the tariff and the Trusts. And what is the character of that programme? It can be summed up with a very fair approach to accuracy in two words—centralization and monopoly. This is the point Mr. Wilson drove home in few words, but with telling effect. No part of the Roosevelt programme, he said, can be discussed intelligently without remembering that "monopoly, as handled by it, is not to be prevented, but accepted. It is to be accepted and regulated. All attempt to resist it is to be given up. It is to be accepted as inevitable. The Government is to set up a commission whose duty it will be, not to check or defeat it, but merely to regulate it under rules which it is itself to frame and develop." If the working people are to profit by the adoption of this programme, it must be through reliance on a benevolent and omnipotent administrative machine at Washington. Everything will depend on the complexion of the central Government; every national election will turn, in a degree of which the old-time "full dinner pail" campaigns of the protectionists give but a faint indication, upon the effect which the victory of one side or the other may be represented as entailing upon great capitalistic interests on the one hand and the condition of the wage-earners on the other. "By what means," exclaims Mr. Wilson, in a burst of simple and genuine eloquence, "by what means, except open re-

volt, could we ever break the crust of our life again, and become free men, breathing an air of our own, choosing and living lives that we wrought out for ourselves?"

Wilson's appeal to the workingmen on this issue is neither more nor less than an appeal to American manhood. If the working people of this country look upon themselves as nothing but a "proletariat," let them invoke the protection of a benevolent paternalism at Washington, to supervise their affairs in every nook and corner of the Union, to deal out to them on the one hand, and to great capitalistic combinations on the other, such measure of "social justice" as may seem desirable or expedient to the powers that be. What the election in November will test, more perhaps than anything else, is whether or not the great masses of our population are ready thus to bid farewell to all that has hitherto been most distinctive of the American people. Wilson and the Democratic party plant themselves firmly on the ground of progress, of relief, of reform, of improvement, by measures that will curb monopoly, revive legitimate competition by repressing unfair and oppressive competition, and preserve the ancient freedom and self-dependence of American citizens. Between this position and that of the Rooseveltians there is a deep gulf fixed. But between the position of the Rooseveltians and a full-fledged socialistic state, taking under its wing all the economic activities of the nation, and leaving no standing ground for individual self-assertion and development, no man can erect any substantial barrier.

This issue of centralized power and regulated monopoly is not only the one great and explicit practical feature of the Roosevelt platform as formulated at Chicago; but it is also the one issue with which his personality and his record are profoundly and unmistakably identified. He may improvise convictions on woman suffrage, or negro rights, or Canadian reciprocity, convictions to which he was a stranger yesterday, and which, avowed to-day, he may summarily discard to-morrow. No such things can be said of his addiction to the idea of centralized and arbitrary administrative power as the master-key to the solution of all the problems of government and society. His cry is

"Let the people rule"; but he never conceals his conception of the means by which the people's rule is to be made effective. They must put their faith in a "steward of the people's welfare"; and he must fulfil their desire by undertaking to control, through the agency of powerful and unchecked commissions, every part of the people's concerns. If the American people send Roosevelt to the White House, they will send him armed with a mandate to execute this programme, and animated by an overmastering desire to do so to the utmost of his ability. A third term for him will mean a step of momentous character towards the centralization of all real power in the hands of the Chief Executive at Washington and the establishment of legalized monopoly on a scale hitherto undreamed of in this country.

IN STATU QUO.

Mr. Roosevelt's eighteen-thousand-word letter to Senator Clapp, chairman of the Senate sub-committee on Privileges and Elections, is in a way an able and persuasive campaign document; but it adds nothing of an evidential character to what he had previously stated on the case at issue. It includes extensive repetitions of matter that has already been printed in *extenso* many times; Roosevelt's long letters relating to the Harriman affair, his long reply to Judge Parker in 1904, are set forth in full, as they have so often been set forth before. Of new material there is little.

Now, what is it that reasonable persons are genuinely interested in, through all this controversy? They do not pin their faith to the charges contained in Senator Penrose's testimony, or Mr. Archbold's testimony, just as it stands. They know that the repetition of a conversation eight years old, even by a witness whose impartiality and veracity are unchallenged, cannot be relied on as accurate; and that this is still less the case when the witness is confessedly possessed by a long-standing sense of injury and resentment. On the other hand, they feel virtually certain that, as regards the gross and simple fact of having handed \$100,000 to Mr. Bliss, treasurer of the National Committee in Roosevelt's 1904 campaign, Mr. Archbold is telling the truth. Further, they regard it as in the highest degree probable that this transaction was effected

in such a manner as somehow to leave upon Mr. Archbold's mind the impression that the contribution would be "appreciated" by the ruling powers in the party of which Mr. Roosevelt was the head and front. The question that remains relates to the nature of Mr. Roosevelt's attitude towards this aid from the Standard Oil people to his campaign. Did he know of it at the time? If not, what did he do when it did come to his knowledge, in case it came to his knowledge at all?

Of all the eighteen thousand words in Mr. Roosevelt's statement, the only part bearing on this central point is that which relates to his letters and telegram to Mr. Cortelyou, of October 26, 27, and 29, 1904. The very fact that he wrote these letters at all, the very fact that he now cites them as evidence of his uprightness in the Standard Oil affair, makes almost all the rest of his apologia irrelevant. That it was not contrary to the law in 1904 to accept contributions from corporations; that the only question in regard to such contributions, since they were not then illegal, turned on the motive with which they were given, and on the spirit in which they were received; that no promises were made to anybody, and that no subsequent act of the Roosevelt Administration was influenced by the receipt or non-receipt of contributions—all these things must be ruled out of this particular case, owing to the simple fact that Mr. Roosevelt himself, in his eager and insistent eleventh-hour communications to Mr. Cortelyou, places himself on record as holding that no contribution from Standard Oil could be accepted without dishonor. Well, then, was such a contribution accepted? If it was accepted, was it returned? If the answer to the first question is Yes, and to the second No, Mr. Roosevelt's position is an ugly one. His offence may not be so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve.

In his letter to Mr. Cortelyou dated October 26, 1904, Mr. Roosevelt said:

I have just been informed that the Standard Oil people have contributed \$100,000 to our campaign fund. This may be really untrue. But if true I must ask you to direct that the money be returned to them forthwith.

In his second letter, dated October 27, he wrote:

I request, therefore, that the contribution be returned without further delay.

Two days later, he sent Mr. Cortelyou this telegram, dated October 29, 1904:

Has my request been complied with? I desire that there be no delay.

Copies of these communications he preserved carefully, and had them ready to produce instantly when the charge was brought forward by Penrose and Archbold the other day. But how about Cortelyou's answer? What evidence does Mr. Roosevelt present either that the \$100,000 was not received, or that it was returned? Simply this, and nothing more:

Subsequent to this telegram Mr. Loeb, my private secretary, called Mr. Cortelyou up on the telephone, and later I did so myself. He notified me first through Mr. Loeb and then directly that no such contribution had been received or would be received. He has informed me within the last two or three days that his memory of the incident is precisely the same as my own—that on receipt of the communications from me he saw Mr. Bliss, showed him the letters and telegram, and that Mr. Bliss then told him that no Standard Oil money had been received and that none would be accepted.

Strange that he should have been so careful of the record of his question, and so careless to procure any record of the answer; strange that he should have relied on indirect oral information, through Mr. Cortelyou, who had failed to reply at all for three days, and who—according to his own recent testimony before the Stanley Committee—knew very little about the collection of funds that was going on; strange that he should not have obtained, rather, a written statement from Mr. Bliss himself. And is it not perhaps strangest of all that he makes no effort, even now, to get at the actual fact from original sources? It is not thought that *all* the records are burned; it is understood that there still exists some schedule of contributions received. Why does not Mr. Roosevelt demand its production? And what will become of his telephone message to Cortelyou if it turns out, when the Senate committee gets together again, that the \$100,000 *was* received, after all? That it was not returned Mr. Roosevelt's own statement shows, for he says that Cortelyou told him that "no Standard Oil money had been received." There will, to be sure, even in that event, be one line of defence to fall back upon—that he was deceived by his wicked partners. But it is very difficult to think of the strenuous one seriously asking the American people to look upon him as the mild and innocuous Spen-

low, powerless to deal with his inexorable Jorkins in the shape of Cornelius N. Bliss.

AMERICAN SHIPPING FREED.

Into the hodge-podge of the bill ostensibly framed to regulate the tolls and the control of the Panama Canal, went one provision which ought to be widely proclaimed as a great step in advance. It is the amending of the antiquated navigation laws of the United States so that there may be admitted to American registry and the protection of the American flag, for use in the foreign trade of this country, ships built abroad but owned by American citizens. This means that at last American citizens are free to buy ships wherever they may desire, precisely as they may purchase automobiles or locomotives or dredges or aeroplanes; that one of the most benighted laws on our statute-books has been erased, after injuriously affecting our merchant marine virtually since President Washington's Administration. It means, too, that the strangle-hold of our ship-builders upon our merchant marine has been broken at last. No longer will these ship-builders have legislative authority for saying: "Buy ships of us, or you cannot own any under the American flag."

So eminent an authority as Grover Cleveland, when President of the United States, advised Congress that "the ancient provision of our law denying American registry to ships built abroad and owned by Americans, appears, in the light of present conditions, not only to be a failure for good at every point, but to be nearer a relic of barbarism than anything that exists under the permission of a statute of the United States. I earnestly recommend its prompt repeal." But his own party refused to repeal it, and the Republican party, having sold protection to the ship-builders in return for fat campaign contributions, was, of course, not a free agent. The spectacle thus presented has been humiliating and deplorable in the extreme. Ship-builders, for their own profit, have dictated the policy of the United States, precisely as they have been keen for a big navy as their business in merchant ships fell off. For by their stupidity in building this Chinese tariff wall about our coasts, they have helped very largely to kill off our ocean trade. Few of them could have

survived had it not been for the millions we have wasted on battleships. Yet they have persevered in their dog-in-the-manger policy, insisting not merely on the navigation act, but on the protective tariff itself, although they have admitted that the taxing of foreign-made materials permitted the American makers of similar materials to add to their prices almost as much per cent. as the tariff called for.

As the matter now stands, there is constituted a clear, straightforward appeal to the patriotism of our country, and an old outlet is reopened for American energy, enterprise, and capital. What will the answer be? A demonstration, we hope, of public readiness to win us once more an honorable place on the ocean; perhaps even supremacy. There are many ships flying foreign flags that ought soon to be under the American. There is the Munson Line running to Cuba under the Cuban flag; surely that ought to come in. Newly purchased or built vessels ought to come in from abroad; the only limitations are that the ships must not be more than five years old when applying for registry; that they must be certified as "safe to carry dry and perishable cargo," and that they are to be wholly owned by citizens of the United States or corporations organized and chartered under a Federal or a State law. They may trade with the Philippines, Guam, and Tutuila, but not with Porto Rico, though nearly Cuba is free to them; nor with Alaska, remote though it is, for that is coastwise trade and the ships for that must still be built by the Cramps and their few competitors in the shipbuilding business. To pacify these men, too, the tariff bulwarks were levelled—Mr. Taft approving, though he had had no report from the Tariff Commission thereon—and all materials necessary for building or repairing ships in the United States are now admitted free.

How deadly a blow this is to the whole protection doctrine one can readily see. If free ship materials, why not free materials in all allied industries? Why favor ship-builders? Yet a Republican Senate pulled out this pillar of the protection temple without a contest, and thereby ruined irrevocably reams and reams of good protection arguments, once so useful in the days of Blaine and Harrison, Dingley and McKinley, but now done away with—we trust forever.

Certainly the influence of this remarkable enactment should be far-reaching; at a single stroke American shipping for foreign trade is freed. It is a wonderful illustration of how a great reform based on a sound economic truth may seem to lie dormant and to be hopeless of attainment—and then of a sudden is achieved almost without a struggle. Let every honest advocate of soundly based reforms take heart from this memorable occurrence.

ARE WE A LAWLESS PEOPLE?

We have been told so often that as a people we have no respect for law, and the indictment is now and then backed up with such a formidable-looking array of figures, that no one could be surprised if we made up our minds that it must be so. Accordingly, it is rather novel to see the question seriously raised whether, after all, we are a lawless people, but this is what Victor S. Yarros ventures to do in the *American Journal of Sociology*. Unconvinced by President Taft's confession that we not only do not hold the law as sacred as we should, but that he doubted that we hold anything sufficiently sacred; not altogether persuaded by the dictum of Professor Giddings that we see on all sides a desperate indifference to morals and manners; disposed to suspend judgment even upon a Chicago educator's sweeping assertion, "We are not a nation; we are a rabble," Mr. Yarros boldly sets out to see just what is the matter with us in this regard.

The first thing upon which he puts his finger is that statute law must represent, with substantial unanimity, the sentiment of the community which it presumes to govern, and that our laws by no means always do this. There are our Sunday-observance regulations, for instance. A State Legislature, composed largely of Americans of British descent, enacts legislation commanding the keeping of the day of rest after the manner of the Puritans. At first, the rules are easily enforced. But after some decades, immigration from all parts of Europe results in the building up of cosmopolitan cities, in which it is found extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to preserve the former harmony between what the statute-book says and what the people do. The very officials who are sworn to enforce the law allow it to be broken with im-

punity. They may even win their election upon a platform of non-enforcement. May we say, therefore, that a community that was once law-abiding has become scornful of law? Hardly. It may be scornful of a particular law that goes dead against the hereditary ideas of the mass of its inhabitants, but this is a very different matter from being possessed of a lawless spirit. The simple fact is that, while the law has remained exactly as it was when it was framed, those who live under it have changed. Nor will any one who is familiar with the composition of our legislatures ask why, in such cases, the law is not changed to suit the changed attitude of the people. There are enough representatives of the older sentiment, from the rural districts especially, to block what appears to their constituents to be no less than an overturning of one of the bases of society, and so that community continues to present the spectacle of general law-breaking.

Another condition that is responsible for our appearance of indifference to law results from our Federal form of government. The open scandal of a divorced man or woman, forbidden by the courts of one State to re-marry, evading the order by taking advantage of the laws of another State, is due simply to lack of uniform legislation, a want which is a positive encouragement to a practice of this kind. Here, moreover, we meet a situation that is not at all to be stigmatized as "American." For what is it, in its legal aspect, but a parallel to the Old World procedure, now reduced to a minimum, of forming irregular marriage alliances because of such technical impediments to lawful union as disparity of religion between the parties, or their residence in different countries, or merely the cost of the formal ceremony? The recognition of these cases as valid by subsequent legislation is proof enough that they have not been the consequences of a law-breaking spirit. Not the people, but the statute-book, was to blame. And if our shameless divorce-and-marriage hunters are morally in a very different category from these Europeans, that disgraceful fact does not affect the legal parallel. They pursue their outrageous course of defying one set of courts by conforming to another, not in spite of the law, but with its smiling approval.

Then there are matters connected

with the interpretation and the administration of the law in this country that tend to weaken the respect for it of the most conservative. But do all these considerations, and others like them that might be mentioned, quite explain away the charge against us? Must we not admit that we are not so ready to obey the policeman's uplifted hand as are other peoples? Can we deny that our business men, big and little, are more prone than their brothers abroad to "take a chance" at violating a law that hampers them, whether it is by allowing their goods boxes to fill the village sidewalk, or by granting rebates? Are not our officers themselves inclined to be charitable in this respect, to give the benefit of the doubt to the citizen rather than to the statute-book, and to be quick to see the doubt? We can hardly clear ourselves wholly of such accusations. Their explanation may lie deep in our psychology, but one remark it is safe to make. We prize liberty above everything else, even equality. Those of us who know Emerson only by his epigram that America is another name for opportunity are his enthusiastic disciples in demonstrating its truth. Did not our fathers create this notion? Is not our Constitution, sacred as it may be, of our own making? And shall we not do what we choose with our own? We have no past, we are scarcely conscious of a present, we really live in the future, and we cannot suffer anything to halt us in our march thither. Is it strange that in such a people the sense of liberty under the law should often give way to the lure of license that defies the law?

A CRITIC AMONG THE PROPHETS.

Edwin Percy Whipple is not a name that comes often to the mouths of men, and surprise is likely to be the first feeling at the appearance of his essays on Charles Dickens, reprinted with all the luxury of neatness which we have learned to expect of the special publications of the Riverside Press. A fairly well-informed reader here and there may even ask, Who was Whipple? The answer is ready in the introduction written for these volumes by Prof. Arlo Bates, who knew the man and tells a pleasant story of his life as journeyman critic among the Boston prophets of transcendentalism. Professor Bates's account of the Sunday evening gather-

ings at the home of the Whipples in Pinckney Street, and of the hosts who presided over that circle, calls up the picture of an age removed from us by only a few years (Whipple died in 1886), but already as alien to us in spirit as is the word *conversazione* it was so fond of using:

As a stranger in Boston in the late seventies, I was generously made welcome to these gatherings, and have of them vivid memories. The host, short and slight of stature, with a head disproportionately large and abundantly covered by carelessly tossed dark locks, a head, it must be confessed, a little gnome-like, with wonderfully luminous eyes, was the presiding spirit. Just out of college as I was in those days, I mentally compared him to the descriptions of De Quincey; and although such a comparison suggests too much, it is in the right direction. Mrs. Whipple, of more generous mould, and with intelligent kindness radiating from her pleasant face, was . . . gifted by nature with the gracious power of setting every guest at ease. She did not preside over a salon, she was simply at home on Sunday evenings, and persons with intellectual tastes were fond of gathering where they were sure of finding congenial companionship and good talk. There were never any set exercises, and not often, according to my remembrance, any music; yet now and then a guest read some unpublished manuscript.

Whipple, as Thomas Wentworth Higginson once said, "was an essential part of the literary life of Boston at a time when that city probably furnished a larger proportion of the literary life of the nation than it will ever supply again." And his rôle as counselling critic to his better-known friends brings to mind an aspect of that briefly flourishing New England literature which we are too apt to forget. Indeed, we are in danger these days of forgetting that, with all its limitations, this literature is a thing marvellously precious and worthy of cherishing. The very fact that it stood locally apart from the traditional home of letters, and so is left out of the general histories and literary manuals, emphasizes unduly what may seem a note of provincialism in it. And its real weakness is of a kind which can least be condoned by an age much given to the adoration of "red blood" and "heart interest." The fact is undeniable that our authors of Concord and Cambridge, in following the lure of the spirit, sometimes forgot that they had bodies, and did not understand that height without depth is a contradiction in terms. The passion and sin of the world they passed by with averted gaze; even Hawthorne, who deals directly

with evil, changes it somehow into an insubstantial shadow of the imagination. Sometimes as we read Emerson's cheerful disregard of the flesh and the devil, we are tempted to throw at him Luther's *pecca fortiter*, or quote the saying, "He that sins strongly has the stuff of sanctity [and of literature], rather than the languid." This innocence, suggesting a certain lack of experience, is undoubtedly characteristic of the New England school, and can be explained by definite historical causes; but the harm it wrought may easily be exaggerated. Just now we are a little ashamed of innocence; some day we may again see more clearly its compensating beauty.

But if the innocence of these men too often appears to spring from moral ignorance, they were far from ignorant in other ways. We do not, perhaps, often enough remember that their inspiration, with all its ethereal qualities and seeming spontaneity, had a severe intellectual basis and critical discipline. Even the freest of them had their literary reverences and their tincture of learning. There is no more significant incident in the history of the movement than the story of Thoreau's copy of Homer, in the Greek, be it understood, lying open on the deal table of his hut on Walden pond. Emerson, indeed, was too impatient to read much in foreign tongues; but he read the old books and the distant books, and his essays on Plato and Montaigne and Goethe take a place easily among the profoundest critical studies of a critical age. Lowell, locked up with his books in Elmwood by the demon of gout, could whimsically, and not unjustly, write of himself as the last of the great readers. Longfellow, like Lowell, was a master of many languages, and played an important part in introducing German culture to this country. His translation of the "Divine Comedy" suffers, if anything, from pedantic exactness; yet who would wish to lose from memory the picture of the weekly meetings at the Craige House when the little band of friendly scholars came together to discuss with him the niceties of Dante's style. Even Holmes, the genial and effervescent wit, was for many years a solid lecturer in anatomy at the medical school. And in close alliance with these poets and philosophers were professional scholars and historians, such

as Ticknor and Felton and Parkman and Prescott. Not for nothing were these men the spiritual inheritors of the old New England divines who thought sixteen hours in their study the highest and most acceptable worship they could offer to their Lord.

It is well to recall these things when we cast up our estimate of the only literary movement of any significance yet produced in this country. It is well not to forget that our best writers thought it worth while to learn before they began to teach. And we are reminded by the work now so handsomely restored to us by the Riverside Press that among the steadying influences of that society was the critical pen of a man easily overlooked among his more brilliant contemporaries. Whipple, indeed, was not a great critic; he lacked the rich literary flavor which gives value to the essays of Lowell even when they are not very substantial; he had nothing of that philosophic insight which made of Emerson's criticism a work of creation. But he was wise and judicious, honest and unafraid, quick to perceive the worth of what was new without forgetting the worth of what was old. He wrote well, if not greatly, and contributed not a little to the solid intellectual background of the day. He is still good reading.

THE MENAGE OF THE MIGHTY.

One-half of the world doubtless does not know how the other half lives, but it is increasingly anxious to know it. Especially does the submerged tenth desire to understand the ways of life of the upper ten thousand. It is on this longing that "society journalism" waxes fat. Nothing is so fascinating to the wife of a plumber as to read about the doings of a peeress. The occupants of a fifth-floor hall bedroom revel in snapshots taken at great country places or imposing town houses. Usually, in these matters, the gaping outsider is content to take the unknown for the magnificent. But occasionally he is seized with a craving to know the exact details of luxurious living. He is puzzled by the technical terms used by society reporters and by the purveyors of stories of high life to the lowly. Not long ago, an English reader of a newspaper devoted to fashionable folk ran upon a lot of jottings which he could not understand.

Determined to go to the fountain-head of knowledge, he applied for enlightenment to Mr. George Russell, the author of "Collections and Recollections." That veteran commentator on the foibles and follies of his contemporaries made an enjoyable column in the *Manchester Guardian* out of his answer to the queries of his troubled correspondent.

This humble student—in his own closet—of the ways of the rich was chiefly perplexed over the question of servants in the homes of lords and dukes. He had been surprised to read of a situation for "a kennel-maid." What on earth could she be? Then there was that compound being, a "butler-valet"—what were his duties? A "head footman" the inquirer thought he could visualize, but two or three of them "under the butler" bothered him. Who pays the bills, the steward or the house-steward? When the whole retinue of house servants is mustered, which has the *pas*, the valet or the butler? These and many questions like them were addressed to the good-humored and supposedly omniscient Mr. Russell.

At the very beginning, he utters one warning. It is that we must dismiss from the mind all representations of the dress and functions of servants, as they are given on the stage. This is, indeed, a blow. Many a man who could never aspire to be admitted into the homes of the mighty, had fondly hoped that playwrights had given him a faithful and vivid picture of what went on there. In particular he has feasted his eyes upon the impersonations of "old family servants" in the theatre—the butlers who look like archbishops, the liveried and powdered footmen. But now comes Mr. Russell cruelly to shatter our faith in all this knowledge by way of the drama. He says:

The customs of service as there represented have no resemblance to life; they were originally developed with a view to comic situations, and have become as purely conventional as stage-lawyers and stage-children. On the stage, footmen are called by their surname and valets appear with powdered heads. The same caution should be applied to servants in fiction, though with one or two exceptions. I take it that Thackeray and Lord Beaconsfield had observed pretty closely the servants of their time; and in the early chapters of "Tono-Bungay" Mr. Wells has drawn with great fidelity the life of the Housekeeper's Room at a famous house in Sussex.

Powder is going out, Mr. Russell assures us—that is, it is going off the

heads of servants. It is now reserved for great occasions. This disappearance of hair-powder has a political as well as social interest. There used to be a special tax on hair-powder, which more than a century ago was grouped as one of the "Assessed Taxes." When Disraeli in 1867 was having drawn his bill to extend the franchise, he found one clause which would confer the vote on every one who paid the "Assessed Taxes." "And, pray, what are the Assessed Taxes?" asked the Prime Minister of the Parliamentary Draughtsman. "Well, one of them is the Powder Tax." "That's enough," said Disraeli. "Strike that clause out. Building our new Constitution on Hair Powder! Good Gad, we shall be the laughing-stock of Europe."

Another politico-social story which Mr. Russell tells has to do with a misunderstood designation of a servant. He had been guilty of a petty theft and a very severe sentence had been passed upon him. The matter was brought up in Parliament when Sir William Harcourt was Home Secretary. He was asked why so heavy a penalty had been inflicted for so light an offence upon a private tutor in a great family. Sir William replied: "The culprit was not a Private Tutor; but I can see where the mistake arose. He was 'Usher of the Hall,' and I would inform the Hon. Member that 'The Usher of the Hall' in a large house is what 'the odd man' is in a small one."

We cannot follow Mr. Russell into the details of service in the (country) seats of the mighty. He freely penetrates the steward's room, "the ark and sanctuary of domestic government"; presents us in person to the Groom of the Chambers, "a tall, able-bodied man who does nothing from morn till dewy eve but arrange the writing-tables, fill the rose-bowls, announce visitors, and preside at luncheon"; and tells us all about the Upper Servants—"a distinction unknown except in England." His minute explanations show that here is a realm of information in which only a lifetime of observation can make a man an authority. They also show how impossible it is for even the most devoted reader of illustrated supplements, periodicals consecrated to fashion, and romances about marble halls, to get an accurate idea of the actual *ménage* of malefactors of great wealth.

RECENT GERMAN POETRY.

It is refreshing to meet among the German poets who, some thirty years ago, set out to revolutionize the intellectual life of their country a few who, without deserting the "cause" of their youth, have kept singularly free from the repulsive or ridiculous idiosyncrasies of that earlier style. One of these few is Karl Henckell. He is the only one of them who has resisted the temptation to turn to more remunerative work than lyric poetry. Of his two last books, one is called "Ein Lebenslied" and is published in an *édition de luxe* with etchings by Hubert Wilm (München-Gräffling: Mendelssohn-Bartholdy). The prologue to the twelve poems in the volume is significantly entitled "Berufung"; and it indicates the author's conception of a poet's mission:

Zieh deine Furchen, Dichter, unerschrocken
Durch's Land der innern Unermesslichkeit,
Lass dich ins Quellenreich des Lebens
locken!

There is not a line in the book that does not convince the reader of Henckell's reverential attitude towards life and art. He is inspired with an optimism based, like that of Björnson, on boundless faith in the good there is in every man. Out of that faith grow dreams like "Stiller Festzug," vague visions of a fair though distant future. The keynote of Henckell's poetry is a solemn fervor. "Hüttenlicht" is an exquisite specimen of his art, resembling in certain ways the two-tone etching by Hubert Wilm, whose work attracted attention at this year's Munich secession.

Another volume of poems recently published by Henckell, "Im Weitergehen" (München: Die Lese), has a less solemn dignity and more of the joy of living. Henckell's vocabulary is rich in *nuances*, and the book contains not a few gems of delicate imagery. This is apparent in the lines entitled "Gedicht":

Es streift dich mit wehendem Saume
Plötzlich in silberner Früh—
Der Himmel beschert es im Traume,
Dankbar vollendet's die Müh.

Oder ein goldschwerer Tropfen
Fällt von der Schale des Lichts—
Später der Schmied muss klopfen
Emsig den Ring des Gedichts.

There are some charming specimens of poetical impressionism, like the "Seine-stimmung," and some poems inspired by the author's intimate feeling for nature. For emotional intensity few poems of Henckell's "Sturm und Drang" period equal his "Carmagnole," in which the lines roll out with eloquent appeal and a spontaneous rhapsodic sweep. Altogether, these two books of verse are among the most enjoyable that have come from German poets of late.

Wilhelm Schmidtbonn, so far known only as a novelist and dramatist, has

written a volume of poetry called "Lobgesang des Lebens" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.). The keynote of the book is struck in the first poem in which Orpheus in his quest for Eurydice leaps into the boat of Charon and promises the dead that through the halls of Hades to bring joy to their heavy hearts. For joy of life and the fulness thereof is the poet's theme, which he varies with admirable skill. With warm sympathy, the poet traces the portrait of St. Francis of Assisi, whose love for the humblest creatures living on earth appeals to his all-embracing love of life. He adds an interesting incident to the episode of Charles the Sixth's entrance into Antwerp, familiar through Mackart's celebrated painting, and welds it into a ballade of strong dramatic movement. True to the taste of his generation, Schmidtbonn takes a sort of defiant delight in dwelling upon the elemental manifestations of the life-force. It is especially interesting to note how cleverly he makes even old tales like that of the giant Rübezahl and of Snow-white and the Dwarfs serve his purpose. And he proves his close sympathy with the general spirit of modern life by humbly admitting that the laborer, who is one with his people and whose hammer creates what benefits the many, is stronger than the poet who stands apart and sings for the few. Modern achievements like the airship inspire him, and at the sight of Berlin his imagination is red with a vision of the future.

A terse plasticity of style, reminding American readers of the verse of Emily Dickinson and that of Mrs. Biancchi, characterizes the poetry of Ernst Lissauer, who a few years ago attracted attention by a little book called "Der Acker," now reissued in a revised and enlarged edition by Eugen Diederichs of Jena. Within the compass of four or at most eight lines, Lissauer says as much as most of his fellow bards say in as many pages. His meters are simple. His metaphors fall upon the ear with something of an oracular ring:

Glück ist ein Feuer. Seht, die Lohe lacht!
Weit in die Lande wirft es seine Pracht.

Glück ist ein Feuer, raffend, roh und rot,
Drin eine Sehnsucht, Scheit um Scheit,
verloht.

It is difficult to analyze the quality of his verse in terms of the æsthetical vocabulary. Interpretation is in his case less effective than quotation. An interesting specimen of his art is "Der Kreis":

Ich sprach zum Kreis: du lebst in Wanderschaft.

Du schreitest langsam in gestillter Kraft.
Dein Weg ist ganz erbaut aus Wegeswende,
Und jeder Schritt ist Anfang, Mitt' und Ende.

Es sprach der Kreis: mein Leben ist nicht Glück.

Ich wandre nicht, ich kehre nur zurück.
Ein Stücklein Welt erglänzt mir lieb und Licht.
Mein Weg umkränzt es. Er betritt es nicht.

The second volume of Lissauer's verse, entitled "Der Strom," has just been published. For imagery, delicate and suggestive, and for light and rippling movement, it would be difficult to find in German a poem equal to the one in this volume called "Brise," in which he speaks of the breeze that runs over the meadow, blonde, with sunlit hair and fleet of foot, her fingers picking leaves and flowers and scattering them in the air as she passes, leaving behind her a streak of haze like a fluttering ribbon. Sonorous strength is the attribute of another poem in which he likens the city street to a stream. His vocabulary is richer and his feeling for form more perfect than before, yet the book breathes the same spontaneity as the first.

Alfons Paquet is another strong personality. He is a great traveller and keeps his eyes open for aspects of life that are characteristic of our day. Nothing is commonplace to him. That is his point of resemblance with Whitman, whose lines he also employs with good effect. The message of his book is the praise of that heroism which is not invested with a halo, like that of his "Held Namenlos" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs). The volume contains a charming idyll of Colorado Springs, which shows Paquet's rare feeling for the foreign and the alien. In fact, his strongest poems are those that treat of subjects as remote as possible from the standards of modern German life. Three poems in the book are on Chinese topics; one is of Norseland and contains a fine tribute to Finland, and there is also a song of the comet and a song of the airship. Something of his æsthetic creed may be surmised from the introductory lines of the book where he suggests that it be taken as a whole:

Ein Dom, ein aufwärts brückenreich
Gemäuer,
Ein Raum der Seele in des Himmels Feuer.

The new volume of "Balladen und Lieder," by Börris Freiherr von Münchhausen, "Das Herz im Harnisch" (Egon Fleischel) shows no decline in the author's gift to shape the legends and tales of old into the form least popular with the poets of modern Germany, though still the most popular with the verse-reading public. The ballad requires a certain objective attitude which is rather foreign to the modern poet eager to express himself and exploit his "personality." But Münchhausen by the spontaneity and sincerity of his work has disarmed even critics unfavorably inclined.

Bruno Frank's book of verse, "Die Schatten der Dinge" (Albert Langen), is somewhat handicapped by the title,

which raises expectations the author does not quite fulfil. Frank has so far been known only as a clever story-writer. He has a fund of original poetic ideas, but has not yet found the corresponding original form. The theme that we see only the shadows of things, but not the things themselves, occurs in several poems, but is sufficiently varied not to become monotonous. There is too much, however, of the four-line stanza in iambic meter. Humor of a robust, drastic sort is represented in "Kirchweih" (Albert Langen), a volume of verse by "Peter Schlemihl," otherwise known as Ludwig Thoma, and collected from the pages of *Simplicissimus*. It is bubbling over with the daring heroism that makes this periodical of protest such a welcome tonic to readers cloyed by the note of intellectual imperialism and loyalty to race and sovereign which dominates the ordinary German press.

A new volume by Maria Janitschek reminds one that she belongs to the generation of literary hotspurs dubbed by Henckell "Gründdeutschland." For her first poems, "Im Sommerwind," appeared when the strife between the Old and the New in German letters was hottest, and her emotional intensity, visionary imagination, and formal independence were characteristic of the verse of that period. Some of her early work reappears in this book, "Gesammelte Gedichte" (Leipzig: G. Ellischer). In her shorter poems she sometimes strikes a touchingly wistful note, as in "Woher?":

Tiefblau der Himmel,
Hell glänzt der Firm,
Da fällt ein Tropfen
Auf meine Stirn.

Ich wend' mich um
Und spähe, spähe,
Nicht Wolken, nicht Menschen
In meiner Nähe.

Du schöner Himmel
Von Glanz umwoben,
Sag, weinen denn
Auch die, dort oben?

The publication of this volume of Maria Janitschek's verse makes one regret that she has been almost entirely absorbed in the writing of fiction.

A. VON ENDE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Most, if not all, of the English translations of "The Swiss Family Robinson" now on the market are cut to some extent, and some of them are very much abridged. There is confusion, too, in the names of the characters, which vary considerably in the various editions. Even Mme. Volart, whose French translation, which appeared in 1840, and which has been turned into English, is perhaps the best, altered the names of the boys from the Fritz, Ernst, Jack, and Frans of the original, to Frédéric, Ernest, Rudly, and Fritz, respectively.

The studious Ernest is, I believe, the only one who retains his name in all the versions. In details, also, no two independent translations in French or English appear to be very much alike, and one editor, some thirty or forty years ago, even brought out an expurgated edition! But one cannot go far in an examination of the many editions without finding differences that are not to be accounted for by mere editorial liberties and the exigencies of cost of manufacture. A few of the French and English versions of the complete book have an ending that is absolutely different from the others, with nothing but the names and characters of the shipwrecked family in common. This surprising discovery suggests an investigation into the history of the book in search of an explanation.

Of the millions of persons who have read "The Swiss Family Robinson," how many can tell you the author's name? I suspect that the number would not run into four figures. More than once in print the book has been fathered upon the tutor of Humboldt, Joachim Heinrich Campe; but Campe's book, "The New Robinson," is of a different character, a philosophical affair in dialect form, never intended for youthful readers. Editors and librarians, however, know that the authorship lies between the Swiss pastor, Johann David Wyss, and his son, the historian and *littérateur*, Johann Rudolf Wyss, and some of them, knowing a little more, know things about the book that are not so.

The story which is known in English as "The Swiss Family Robinson" was originally the invention of Johann David Wyss, a Swiss pastor, who told it to his children for their amusement and left it in manuscript form upon his death. What was afterwards known as the first part was published under the name of "Der Schweizerische Robinson," by Wyss's son, Johann Rudolf, in 1813, after the death of the father; this was printed in Zürich, in two volumes. It was translated into French by the Swiss novelist and writer of juvenile books, the Baroness Isabelle de Montolieu, and was brought out in Paris in 1816. It was also published in English. The French translation proved popular, but Mme. de Montolieu regretted its evidently unfinished condition, and wrote to Rudolf Wyss, begging him to provide a proper ending for it. Wyss was too busy to undertake this at the time, and Mme. de Montolieu asked permission to write the sequel herself. This she proceeded to do, bringing out the new and completed edition of the book in Paris in 1824.

So far, the history of the book is well known, and has been printed in several introductions and prefaces, but, strange to say, editors have overlooked the fact that the second part of the story as most editions have it to-day is *not* the work of the Baroness de Montolieu. The facts are these:

Though the Baroness apparently obtained Wyss's permission to complete the story, there seems to be no evidence that her ending met with his approval, as is generally stated. We learn from her preface to this second part (1824) that, owing to pressure on the part of her publishers, she was obliged to send her manuscript to the press without submitting it to Wyss; so that he never saw it until after it was

printed. How well he liked it when he did see it is indicated by the fact that three years later, in 1827, he published in Zürich an authorized ending, in two volumes, in the second of which (the fourth of the entire work) he says in his preface: "It will be understood that the ending of the book as here given owes nothing to the work of Mme. de Montolieu." And he goes on to say:

I follow my father's original manuscript just as before; but always with the same freedom that I used in the earlier volumes. Many things are not suitable for publication, which, in the author's family circle, where the manuscript up to this time had alone been read, were entirely in place. Also the end of the story appears [in the original manuscript] rather sketched than carefully worked out.

The Baroness's ending was translated into English and printed in some editions, together with the first part, but most of the English editions—all, I think, that are now in print and that give the whole book—have Wyss's ending. And very properly, for, aside from its being the authorized text, it is a much better piece of work and more in harmony with the first part. The Baroness unfortunately knew little or nothing of natural history, and was wise enough to avoid it for the most part; but "The Swiss Family Robinson" is hardly itself without natural history, and, moreover, even as a story her contribution is decidedly unsuccessful. It begins with a rather pointless illness which comes to the good mother of the family; then follows shortly the incident of one of the boys frightening the others by wearing his rubber boots on his hands—just why, I have forgotten; then the island is invaded by a band of cannibals who shout the strange word, "Ouraki." By these signs you may know the Baroness's version.

It may seem strange that this confusion as to the authorship of the second part should be so persistent, but I suspect that I have discovered one reason for it in the fact that during or before the fifties a French edition of the book was published containing Wyss's ending, but bearing on the title-page the name of Mme. de Montolieu as translator. This edition was published in Paris by Arthus Bertrand, the regular publisher of the Baroness's works, who had brought out the edition of 1824, in which the Baroness's ending had first appeared. The title-page bears the words, "Traduit de l'allemande sur la dernière édition par Madame la Baronne Isabelle de Montolieu. Nouvelle et seule Edition complète." The edition, or, at least, that impression of it of which the Boston Public Library owns a copy, is undated, but from dates on the paper used in binding and from other evidence, internal and external, it seems certain that it was printed in 1850, or soon after. Mme. de Montolieu died in 1832, and whether or not this translation of the second part appeared in her lifetime I have been unable to ascertain in the limited time I could give to the investigation. Perhaps some one else can inform us whether she actually had anything to do with it or not. At all events, it seems to me that the publication of this edition, under her name as translator, taken together with the well-known fact that she had written a conclusion of her own to the story, may well be responsible for the widespread notion that

she was the real author of the second part as we know it to-day.

FRANCIS H. ALLEN.

Correspondence

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S BULL MOOSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Roosevelt's preoccupation with the "Bull Moose" recalls the fact that this animal figured prominently in the history of another President of the United States—no less a one than Thomas Jefferson. It is not generally known that Jefferson was as great a stickler in natural history as the Colonel himself, especially in regard to big game. In the year 1789, notwithstanding the momentous questions then occupying his mind, Jefferson, as his letters show, entered into a discussion with Count de Buffon, the noted French naturalist, concerning the animals of America, and undertook to establish the fact that the Count underrated them. But his zeal seems to have proved very costly to him. He had been writing to his Virginia friends to procure for him the skeleton and horns of a large buck deer, but had not received them. He then wrote a letter to Gen. John Sullivan of Maine to send him the skin and skeleton of a moose. In due time a bill came from Gen. Sullivan, which he presumed must be for the moose, except that the amount appeared exorbitant.

Jefferson very good-humoredly mentions the matter in a letter written to Col. Smith, Mr. Adams's son-in-law, who was then in London:

You ask me if you shall say anything to Sullivan about the bill. No. Only that it is paid. I have, within two or three days, received letters from him, explaining the matter. It was my fault, that I had not given him a rough idea of the expenses I would be willing to incur for them. He made the acquisition an object of a regular campaign, and that, too, of a winter one. The troops he employed sallied forth, as he writes me, in the month of March—much snow—a herd attacked—one killed in the wilderness—a road to be cut twenty miles—to be drawn by hand from the frontiers to his house—bones to be cleaned—etc., etc., etc. In fine, he put himself to an infinitude of trouble, more than I meant: he did it cheerfully, and I feel myself really under obligations to him. That the tragedy might not want a proper catastrophe, the box, bones, and all, are lost: so that this chapter of Natural History will still remain a blank. But I have written to him to send me another. I will leave it for my successor to fill up, whenever I shall make my bow here.

From a subsequent letter to the Count, it appears that the skeleton of the moose, which was to vindicate the insulted honor of its country, later arrived and was presented in due form.

This story was known to Daniel Webster, who frequently told it to his friends in Washington, but in a different form from that related here. In Jefferson's account of his current expenses for the year he entered for this moose 46/17/10 sterling, equivalent to \$220, which was probably ten times as much as he had expected to pay.

J. H. WHITTY.

Richmond, Va., August 26.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE PSALMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That indefatigable Baconian, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart., has of late been distributing copies of his little pamphlet, "The Shakespeare Myth," in this country, whether for the sake of advancing the cause of truth or of advertising his book, "Bacon is Shakespeare." I can only surmise. One of these pamphlets was recently sent to me. In it Sir Edwin repeats several of the gross absurdities which characterized his former work, notably the statement that Bacon "fixed upon the year 1910" as the year in which the secret of his authorship of the plays should be brought to light. It is needless to point out the innumerable fallacies of the work, but I wish to call attention to the use made of a passage in "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Sir Edwin cites as proof that the Shakespeare myth is dead some sentences from Professor Saintsbury's much-criticized article on Shakespeare, in which, with characteristic indifference to minutiae, the results of recent research into particulars of Shakespearean biography are put aside as valueless. But Sir Edwin does not cite the following passage, also from the pen of Professor Saintsbury:

It is sufficient to say that, up to the present time, they [the Baconians] have not commended themselves to a single person who unites accurate knowledge of Elizabethan and other literature with the proved possession of an adequate critical faculty. (Vol. V, page 249, American edition.)

An especially curious instance of Sir Edwin's methods is afforded by the word "honorificabilitudinitatibus," which, he says, "gives us the Masonic number 287, and really tells us with the most mechanical certainty that the plays were Francis Bacon's 'orphan' children" (p. 26). This may be true, but, if so, the New Valerium Shakespeare gives a long list of Bacon's other "orphans." The word occurs in two old German comedies (c. 1580), in several dictionaries, in the "Catholicon" of Johannes de Janua (c. 1286), in Mussato's "Historia Augusta" (c. 1312), and in Dante's "De vulgari eloquentia" (c. 1300). Can it be that the Baconians are about to claim the "Divine Comedy" for their hero, having "definitely established" that he wrote Shakespeare and the Bible?

For the benefit of any reader who has been half-convinced by the Baconians, attention may be called to the following conclusive proof that Shakespeare wrote the Psalms. The author's name appears in at least three forms: Shakespeare, Shakespear, and Shakspeare. There are other varieties of spelling; the point is that three, four, or five vowels are admissible. Any one acquainted with "Masonic numbers," emblem writing, and Rosicrucian signs will tell you that the golden mean must be taken. This is obviously FOUR. Moreover, the number of consonants is SIX. The mystic number is, then, FORTY-SIX. Turn now to the King James Bible, and to the Forty-sixth Psalm. Count from the beginning and you will find the forty-sixth word to be SHAKE; count from the end and you will find the forty-sixth word to be SPEAR. Does any Mason, emblem-reader, or Rosicrucian need more convincing evidence than that?

Hasn't the Baconian theory come to the point where it is a matter of medical rather

than literary interest? Can't one of our philanthropic millionaires establish an asylum, along the lines of Holmes's institution for punsters, for aged and decayed Baconians?

SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Roland Park, Md., August 31.

CAMPAIGN "GIFTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Where do Presidential campaign funds come from? Is it true that they are contributed by "Trusts," "plutocrats," "railway kings," etc.? If this be true, why do these industrial forces supply money to elect Presidents who profess to be violently hostile to them?

Logically considered, industrial combinations are not an evil. They are a benefit to the people, and especially to the poor people, because an industrial combination can undoubtedly produce a better article, and can afford to sell it cheaper, than the small manufacturers. What earthly good did it do to the people to dissolve the Standard Oil combination? I am told that the price of oil has advanced since that achievement.

High prices represent the profits of the unproductive wholesale and the greedy and extortionate retail dealers.

Intelligent persons have long ago discovered that the outcry against industrial combinations is for the most part nothing but a mischievous political trick to cajole votes from a class of envious and easily duped voters, and perhaps, even, to extort campaign "gifts" from the business interests.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Chicago, Ill., August 25.

THE CONGRESS OF THE HISTORY OF ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my letter to you on the Congress of the History of Art, published in your issue of August 1, the date of the said Congress was inadvertently omitted. It will be held in Rome, from the 16th to the 21st of October, 1912.

H. E.

Rome, August 17.

Literature

IN MOSLEM LANDS.

From Constantinople to the Home of Omar Khayyam. By A. V. Williams Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Co. With 200 illustrations and a map. \$3.50 net.

His first twenty-five pages Professor Jackson spends in getting to Baku by way of Constantinople and the Black Sea. We rather grudge him this space, for he is not on his own ground, and we have from him mere traveller's talk, however picked out with Keats and Tennyson, about Alexander's sarcophagus and Balaclava and the like. But with Baku and its oil-wells and inscriptions we are on soil Zoroastrian by modern Western tradition at least, and of that tradition we are given a very pretty

statement and analysis. The fire-temple at Baku, it appears, in its present form at least, is a Hindu product, a centre of fire-worship constructed within the last two hundred years for Indian merchants far from their own land. As for the Arabic inscription produced in photography opposite page 36, whatever its interpretation, the date A. H. 194 is an utter impossibility on account of the titles used. The thousand may have been dropped. Derbent with its Gog and Magog rampart closing one of the only two passes across the Caucasus between the Black and Caspian Seas, and with its remains and memories of Sasanians, Greeks, and early Moslem conquistadors—Anushirvan, Alexander, and Haroun ar-Rashid—and of later border scuffings of Arabs, Persians, and Turanians, is the next point of lingering. There Zoroastrian traces are stronger; fragments of Sasanian carvings are found, and a square vaulted chamber, which may well have been the sanctuary of the sacred flame. Thence there is more travel-talk to Teheran, at that time under the brief rule of Shah Mohammed Ali. The point of investigation there is the Peacock Throne asserted to have been carried off in 1749 by Nadir Shah from India, where it had been constructed for Shah Jehan, the Mogul, in 1634. Doubt had been cast on this story by Lord Curzon, and Professor Jackson here goes over at least part of the gorgeous evidence.

The second part of the book opens with departure from Teheran, to follow the route of Alexander when he was hunting Darius down. This is not very easy reading. Topography, especially historical, must either be very detailed and scientific, or else very pictorial and suggestive. In this case the full scientific treatment has been reserved for publication elsewhere, and the scraps given here only obscure the grandeur and suggestion of these vast plains and of the Caspian Gates. Nor is the triumph of Alexander or the tragedy of Darius heightened by Professor Jackson's verses; they could have more safely slumbered in his note-book. With the memories of Alexander rise those of still older wars of legend between Turan and Iran, record of which has to be gathered at best from the *Shahnama* of Firdausi. Through these "Marches of Terror" then he passed, tracts so more lately named from the forays of the Turcomans, broken and ruled at last by Russia only a generation ago. We in the West, like the Persians themselves, are too apt to forget that struggle of millenniums on life and death, and that it was a *pax Russica* which ended it so recently. But for Professor Jackson the interest, as he went, was either very ancient or quite modern—Zoroastrian and Greek or the Persia of to-day. For remains of Islamic times and their stories he has, it is true, an eye and ear, but

only on account of some link of connection. Yet Omar Khayyam needs no introduction or excuse, and so to Nishapur he turned.

This is the part of the book which will have most interest for all except professed Orientalists and antiquarians. And the account here of Nishapur and its history will amply repay that interest. The three chapters given to it form an excellent little monograph, a good example of the combination, characteristic to the whole book, of elaborate historical research and modern descriptions. More perfunctory is the description of Mashhad, a day's journey from Nishapur, with its sanctuary-shrine of the tomb of Imam Riza, a place of pilgrimage for all the Shi'ite world. It is a curious comment on local and religious popularity that the tomb of Haroun ar-Rashid, which lies beside that of the saint, is either neglected or kicked in contempt by the pilgrims. How many in these Western lands know anything of Imam Riza, and what child does not know Haroun?—though Riza may easily have been the better man. But from the modern (comparatively) and Moslem Mashhad, Professor Jackson's interest passes quickly to Tus, a city with its roots deep in the farthest Iranian legend and linked for ever with the great name of Firdausi, one, with Hafiz and Omar Khayyam, of the immortal three everywhere known, of Persian literature. But Tus is now a wilderness, and the search even for the tomb of Firdausi is a search in dust and ruins and nothingness—no garden of Paradise, as *Firdaus* means, but desolation itself. There only a dubious grave was found for the great poet. Yet another and an even greater man, so far as influence on the thought of the world is concerned, lies buried at Tus, and in a search for his grave there would probably have been better fortune. Professor Jackson barely mentions the philosopher-theologian Ghazali, and evidently does not know that he applied the pragmatic idea to spiritual life and thought centuries before pragmatism was to be, and that from him the threads of influence run to Aquinas and to Pascal. Such is the dust which mingles in the dust of Tus.

A final chapter takes us over the Persian border into the land of Turan, now at last lying in peace under the shadow of the Russian eagle. We leave the traveller there facing Samarcand, Bukhara, and the Oxus.

Turkey and Its People. By Sir Edwin Pears. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$3.50 net.

Until "Odysseus"—now known to be Sir Charles Elliot—shall recast his "Turkey in Europe" to post-revolution conditions, this book may most usefully take its place. Its author has a long and honorable newspaper record. It was he who, in the *Daily News*, first sound-

ed the alarm at the Bulgarian atrocities of 1876. Through a long life as a publicist, he has shown himself a watchful friend both of Bulgaria and of Greece, and has been trusted by each. As to his intimate knowledge of conditions and possibilities in European Turkey and the Balkans, and also in the Asiatic provinces, there can be no question.

If any one thing is needed for a judgment on that situation, viewed as a single gigantic fact, it is sensitiveness to balance and proportion. "Cries" of all kinds—lo here, lo there, the one hope of escape!—must be sedulously avoided. And there exactly—and most wonderfully for a newspaper man—Sir Edwin Pears is above all strong. His balanced estimate of the Greek genius, for example, in its failure and its accomplishment, is beyond praise. He has talked with survivors of the struggle for freedom and knows its discords, disloyalties, illusions, and failures, and, worse, he saw himself the wretched war of 1897, bred of ignorance, vainglory, and heedless oratory and ending in disaster near to utter ruin. He knows the headstrong individualism of the Greeks, their violent prejudices and unpractical ideas. But he knows, too, their light-hearted courage, their enterprise, their intelligence, their self-sacrificing patriotism, and—what is stranger—their heroic tenacity in life and death. If a football team—for in such matters the boy is not only father of the man but the clearest of clues to him—even of Turkish boys can beat a Greek team in combined play, the Turks can never as a race make head against the sheer ability and energy of the Greeks. And so, remembering Athens as a jumble of hovels, he sees the accomplishment in the present ordered city with its university, museums, hospitals, and schools; he sees Greece a prosperous, well governed country; and he sees the far-scattered Greek people always looking back in helpful affection to their own land. With similar open-eyed fairness he deals with the Bulgarians, the Servians, the Albanians, and the Armenians. It is well for us, once in a while, to have the Servian point of view, in its constant guard against Austrian aggression, made clear, and Albania is now the centre of the whole unhappy Macedonian imbroglio. The very latest situation in Albania is not, of course, presented here, but all the materials are given for the understanding of it.

When, however, Sir Edwin Pears passes to Asia, his certainty of knowledge in some measure fails him. The Greeks of the islands and the coasts he still thoroughly understands. There is a good tale, for example, on page 141 of Poseidon surviving in St. Nicholas. To the Asiatic Armenians, too, he has a clue from those whom he knew in Europe.

But on the little peoples and sects his touch is less firm. The Druses and their sacred books are no such mystery now as he suggests, nor indeed have been since De Sacy's time, and on the Yezidis he is equally in the dark. To all these and their like he has not the key, and so he can only describe them externally and make guesses at the rest.

And with this same weakness is touched his whole treatment of the Turks themselves. It is time that writers on the East should realize that as thorough if not as long an education is needed if they are to understand its peoples as now enables them speedily to see their way through the institutions of any European country. Our education is based upon the civilization of Greece and Rome. We add to that, perhaps, a knowledge of the Holy Roman Empire and of the Europe that has sprung from it. Our sole touch with the East, in the years in which we are laying these foundations, is through the history of the Christian Church. But to understand even the East of to-day we must frankly go to school again and laboriously acquire another and a very different education. No reading up of authorities, nor even year-long contact with Orientals will suffice. The real authorities are still at the stage of writing for one another and not for the public; on the enormous majority of what popularizers there are, the least said the better. Certainly, those on Islam quoted in this book have again and again misled. And as to contact, we have only to consider what would be the success of an intelligent Moslem who should live twenty years with us, reading at the most our newspapers, and who should then attempt to write on our religion, law, and institutions generally. His remarks would be more interesting than illuminating, and his book would be a curiosity of literature. He would be able to describe what he saw; but the essential nature of even those phenomena would be hidden from him because he could not know their origin and history, and would be entirely alien, by education and training, to their spirit.

Thus Sir Edwin Pears gives a clear and thorough account of the Capitulations because they are survivals of legal conceptions familiar to the Roman jurist. Only on one point does he apparently slip. It was not the Turks who took over this attitude from the Byzantines. From the earliest Moslem times not only strangers had so been treated, but also all non-Moslem elements in the native population itself. All Christians and Jews, for example, were strictly resident aliens, and lived their own community-lives by themselves. But, on the other hand, his whole treatment of the Caliphate as a constitutional question is full of confusion and error. To it he had no approach through the Ro-

man law, and Moslem constitutional treatises were not accessible to him. Similarly, he has no clear understanding of the bases of Moslem religion and law. It is evident that experience had shown him that the Koran was by no means the one sole source of these. But what the other sources were, how they had originated, functioned, and were now regarded, above all how much they had really displaced the Koran—on these points he is quite in the dark. There is a reference or two to "traditions," none to "analogy," and none to that great principle of the Agreement of the Moslem people which has become the final validator of all theological and legal doctrine.

Thus in the dark on principles, it is natural that he should often have been misled in details. He gives a quite baseless distinction between divorce and "repudiation" (pp. 69, 329), which was evidently palmed off on him by some Moslem reformers desirous to make a case for early Islam. Again, his statement (p. 365) of the status of a slave who has borne an acknowledged child to her owner is not correct. She cannot be sold, but becomes automatically free only on her owner's death. Again, whatever Turkish usage may be, the punishment given on page 323 for breaking the fast of Ramazan is not legal. It appears to have originated in traditions from Mohammed which told that such sinners would have melted lead poured down their throats in hell.

There are other exasperating things in the book, even as to simple modern conditions. Thus on page 81 a remark is dropped casually about the apparatus of the Turkish witch, that she lives "of course with the traditional black cat." But there is no "of course" about it. Whatever may be traditional as to cats in European diablerie, they are quasi-sacred animals in Islam. There are too many traditions as to the fondness of the Prophet and his companions for cats for them easily to have Satanic associations. The cat must have come into the magical world through some extra-Islamic influence. As a matter of fact, both in Syria and Turkey, black cats and black hens do belong to that world. And the difference between the two is significant. The cat is used with Christians and the hen with Moslems. The magician, being like magicians in general of a fine catholicity, varies his method and apparatus to suit his subject, and in the end becomes confused himself. So much, and probably a great deal more, lies behind that simple "of course."

But in spite of such weaknesses, this is a solid, suggestive, and very largely trustworthy book. Its treatment of the woman question is exceptionally good. So, too, is its balanced view of the present situation and its carefully hopeful outlook into the future. The author has

lived long enough in the East to see the wood as well as the trees. It is a pity that he did not read his proofs more carefully.

CURRENT FICTION.

[ANOTHER ENGLISH FIND.]

The Borderland. By Robert Halifax. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Low Society. The Same.

Once more the enterprising house of Dutton presents a new English storyteller to the American audience—not a novice, that is, but a writer of experience whom Britain has hitherto, for some unexplained reason, kept to herself. These we understand to be the third and fourth novels of Robert Halifax, and a fifth is announced for publication (in America) within a few months.

Unlike other recently discovered novelists, Mr. Halifax does not choose a provincial setting: shabby London is his scene—the London of the slums, or of those dingy suburbs which, as it were, out-Bursley Bursley itself. The "Borderland" of his story is slumland, a "borderland of lost souls and human wreckage." Hither comes John Laverock, a Christian Brotherhood worker, fresh from the country, a dreamer, and, to tell the truth, a prig. He is full of sensibility, and his ignorance of city conditions is abysmal. The slum people pity him and tolerate him. A personal problem is added almost at once to the problem of his work, and becomes the real theme of the story. He sees in the street a girl of the street, and falls under her spell. She has the dress and manner of her class, but is of uncommon beauty, a morbid beauty, the product of the slums—amber hair, tear-rose yellow face, wax-like fingers, and "two turquoise eyes—eyes slightly filmed, yet consciously fathomless." But the robust and pious John Laverock looks upon it and is lost. He begins a slow and clumsy pursuit of the girl—in the interest, as he honestly thinks for a time, of her soul. She has been the mistress of a slum villain, who makes several attempts upon his rival's life, but finally vanishes from the scene, leaving "Amber Lou" to become first the mistress of Laverock and finally his wife.

Another young woman figures in the story as a foil, but her elegant attractions are of no potency beside the savage charm of the borderland heroine, and in the end she gives the strange pair her blessing. Unfortunately, Laverock and the lady, types with which we are familiar, fail to impress us as real persons; and the fact leads us to look upon the slum figures with some suspicion. However, Mr. Halifax has been generally hailed in England as a master-painter of the low life of London, and

his sketches of scenes and types, when he is not hampered by the requirements of plot, are full of color and vigor. He has, in fact, an always marketable combination of qualities—extreme realism of detail linked with extreme sentimentalism of motive. So we find one English critic declaring that he "has just that rare quality which endeared Dickens to his readers." There is a resemblance of a sort, though luckily not in manner.

"Low Society" is a far better story. It involves no such feat as the union of Laverock and his amber enchantress. The scene is Barking Town, and the persons are consistently "low," with the exception of three who are introduced for purposes of romantic contrast. Young Hungerford and his child wife exhale a faint Copperfieldian aroma. He has given his home and easy prospects for her sake: it must be said that the vindictive lady mother, with her single savage appearance in the poor little household, is as extravagant a caricature as ever stalked in melodrama. Casswade also, whose huge figure fills the centre of our vulgar stage, is hard to credit in the large. His eventual conversion is little short of preposterous. But, as we have intimated, Mr. Halifax is really a romancer who has chosen an unexpected setting for his romance, and who endows it with piquancy by playing with the materials of the one-time realist. In Baversham, the true hero of the story, the method scores a real triumph. All of his surface and nine-tenths of his essence are cad and bounder. In tastes and manner he is an outrageous person. This is equally true of the maiden of his choice, but he is even more a bully than she a cat. The process by which he is caused to appear as friend and rescuer of the Hungerfords, as adversary of the unspeakable Casswade, and even as true lover of his lady, is somewhat obscure; but there is no denying that the thing happens. Mr. Halifax has made the invaluable contribution of a new flavor to the dish of current fiction.

Sharrow. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Though a novel of to-day, with telephone and motor, this book has an old-fashioned quality. It was written to interest the reader and not to prove a theory or describe a triangle. It relies not only on its story, but on the details which garnish the story, whether related or unrelated. There are descriptions of Georgian houses and Victorian furnishings; houses in town and country, in England and Paris and Rome; there are nursery scenes, deathbeds, weddings, dinners, teas, concerts. There are city dissolutions and village improvements. There are landscapes and climates with figures to correspond, and unlimited weather. And there are dis-

cerning portraits, many and varied. It seems unending, but it never keeps one waiting, and it is never dull. The writer's confidence in the reader's interest is justified. The whole mass of detail has a kernel, to wit, the English estate and family of Sharrow, which traced its history in unbroken line to the days of King John. The heart of the kernel is Sandy Sharrow, of whom this book is the biography. All Sharrows having been red-haired and ugly, Sandy was a red-haired, ugly child. He needed but to see the old house on his first visit to it as a child to feel the dawning of the passion for it that was to govern his life, and was to be the bond between him and his terrible old grand-uncle, Lord Sharrow—a bond never wholly ruptured even by their quarrels. To break off a marriage which Sandy has at heart, the old lord and a governess in love with the younger man enter into a conspiracy, as obnoxious, surely, as any ever devised by novelist. For years Sandy's life is a thing of reproach, and it is only through shadows and tragedies that he is redeemed and reinstated, free to enjoy the Sharrow he worshipped "as a system, an idea, a fabric." The inconstant moon of the novelist here outdoes herself by rising in the west.

COLONIAL PENNSYLVANIA.

The Relations of Pennsylvania with the British Government, 1696-1765. By Winfred Trexler Root, Ph.D. University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Company, Agents. \$2.

The author, who is assistant professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, has expanded the present painstaking and scholarly study of the workings of British Government in a chartered province of America from investigations first undertaken in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania. The material is drawn chiefly from the papers and journals of the Board of Trade and Plantations, transcribed from the original manuscript in London for the Pennsylvania Historical Society. His list of authorities, however, covers some ten closely printed pages, and indicates the formidable nature of his undertaking and the thoroughness of his performance. The writing of an adequate history of Pennsylvania, owing to the variety of racial and other elements in the society of that colony, has so far baffled the numerous individuals who have contemplated or actually undertaken the work. The volume assigned to that State in the American Commonwealth series, announced many years ago, has been abandoned in despair by one writer after another and has never yet been prepared.

Professor Root's aim has been to treat

the chartered province, not from the provincial point of view, but as part of the Empire. He suggests that this is a broader view than one which merely reflects the colonial side of the story. It is perhaps open to question whether he has not unduly subordinated the colony, although the desire to be fair is manifested in every page. The critical reader will ask why the purpose and effect of laws in restriction of colonial manufactures and commerce, which were so offensive to the colonists, are disposed of incidentally, or sometimes are mentioned merely by title. The phrase "at home" in these pages always means England, but "home rule" applies only to the colony. Occasionally the author makes comparisons without giving the basis for them. This is especially noticeable in the presentation of his view that the failure of the Quakers to support the war against the French and Indians, their refusal to furnish men and money, led to the Stamp Act and presumably to the Revolution. While the author names large sums of money appropriated in different years by the Pennsylvania Assembly and explains the contests between the proprietary and the popular interests which in 1755 caused the Governor to veto the act appropriating 40,000 pounds, there are facts relating to the Braddock campaign which are necessary to a complete understanding of the situation.

For some political reason, or because of a question of commissions to Virginians, it was ordered that the movement of the army should start from Virginia. Horses and wagons were to have been furnished by Virginia and Maryland. Both colonies failed to do so, and the army could not move. Within two weeks Pennsylvania furnished 150 wagons and 259 pack horses. Pennsylvania also furnished 14,000 bushels of wheat. Virginia voted 20,000 pounds, but the sum was expended by the province, and did not reach Braddock. Pennsylvania voted 5,000 pounds. Massachusetts did nothing for this expedition. It is Massachusetts which the author uses to draw a comparison which should obviously be modified by the facts just presented. Again, Pennsylvania cut a road to the West at a cost of 3,000 pounds, and had 100 men working on it. Orme, who kept a journal, wrote on May 20, 1755: "Arrived here 80 wagons from Pennsylvania to assist in the expedition"; and Braddock himself said that he should have starved and the expedition would have failed but for the supplies received from Pennsylvania. Braddock was defeated. In 1758 John Forbes captured Fort Duquesne. He had under him 2,700 Pennsylvanians. Furthermore, the author's comparisons unfavorable to Pennsylvania's military services in the contest with the French and Indians should have been fortified, it

should seem, by a presentation of the appropriations made by other colonies in all cases where a comparison is made. It is possible that his theme, the difficulties encountered by the British Government in ordering its colonies, in America, could have been better illustrated by the selection of a more recalcitrant colony than Pennsylvania as an example.

Nevertheless, the reader is presented with a careful and intelligent analysis of the commercial motives of a Government whose main object was the promotion of English trade and the restriction of Colonial activity in manufactures and commerce. The government of Colonial affairs by the British bureaus seems to have been fair enough in unessentials and unbearable in matters of vital interest to the colonists. A duty on negro slaves imported into Pennsylvania was promptly negated in London because the duty would interfere with British trade. The inefficiency of the bureaus, the hindrances caused by distance and the Penn charter, the meddlesome attitude of some of the Governors, the unworthy position assumed by the Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, the struggle over the courts of justice, and the steady encroachment of a growing democracy upon a feeble British control over the colony, as well as the many minor evidences of this encroachment, are all set forth with full understanding of the issue.

The author seems to think that a proper exercise of Parliamentary power and an abrogation of the charter would have produced a different result. This conclusion is perhaps warranted from a consideration of the subject strictly confined to official documents, correspondence, testimony, etc. When the human element of a problem, so inadequately expressed by such evidence, is reckoned with, it may well be doubted whether any system of government other than that actually used would have proved efficient from the British standpoint for any length of time. The loyalty of the Canadians to the Empire is strongest among those Canadians whose families have come from England and Scotland. New York was largely populated by descendants of the hereditary rivals and foes of England; the many thousands of Germans, Swedes, Dutch, Irish, and Huguenots before the Revolution in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the large racial element other than English in Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas in the colonial period, taken in connection with the substantial causes for a complete separation from the mother country, would have soon broken down any form of paper government arrived at across the ocean.

Notes

Houghton Mifflin open their autumn season September 14. Among their important publications are the Riverside Popular edition of George Eliot in twenty-two volumes; Keats, Burns, and Scott in the Autograph edition of Poets; and the "Life and Letters of John Rickman," the friend of Charles Lamb.

The autumn list of G. P. Putnam's Sons includes: "The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond," with an introduction by Louis Fréchette and an appreciation by Neil Munro; "The White Shield," a volume of short stories, by Myrtle Reed; "Who?" a detective story by Elizabeth Kent; "The Japanese Nation: Its Land, Its People, and Its Life," by Inazo Nitobé, professor in the Imperial University of Tokio; "Boys of Other Countries," new edition, by Bayard Taylor; "The Indians of the Terraced Houses," an account of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, by Charles Francis Saunders; "The Story of the Bronx," by Stephen Jenkins; "Love Poems of Three Centuries (1600-1900)," compiled by Jessie F. O'Donnell, and a revised and enlarged edition of Hester E. Hosford's "Woodrow Wilson."

The remains of Sophocles's satyric drama, the "Ichneutæ," recently published for the first time in Part IX of the "Oxyrhynchus Papyri," will shortly be available in a short volume, to be called "Tragicorum Græcorum Fragmenta Papyracea," which is being prepared by Dr. Hunt for the Oxford Classical Texts; it will be issued by the Clarendon Press (Frowde). Besides the new pieces of Sophocles, the book will include the other more important additions made up of the fragments of the Greek tragedians by Egyptian discoveries during the last few years.

The Bibliotheca Sacra Co. announces for publication early in the autumn "Origin and Antiquity of Man," by G. Frederick Wright, D.D.; "Pentateuchal Studies," by Harold M. Wiener, and "The Deciding Voice of the Monuments in Biblical Criticism," by Melvin Grove Kyle.

On the Century Co.'s autumn list are "Russian Wonder Tales," edited by Post Wheeler, and "The New Industrial Day," by William C. Redfield.

"San Francisco: As it was, as it is, and how to see it," with above 200 illustrations, will be brought out in the autumn by Paul Elder & Co.

Albert B. Osborne is bringing out, through McBride, Nast & Co., "Picture Towns of Europe."

The fourteenth annual meeting of the New York State Historical Association will be held at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., September 17-20.

In a generation in which nearly everybody travels and most people write, there is no longer room on crowded bookshelves for the old-fashioned chronicle of a *grand tour* such as our grandfathers, and more particularly our grandmothers, used to write with much complacency. In self-defence nowadays we demand either a guide-book or something quite different from a guide-book, something touched, in the essay manner, with the lights and shadows of per-

sonal impressions. Between Baedeker and Ruskin there is no *via media*. Mrs. Julia de W. Addison, in "The Spell of England" (L. C. Page) has essayed such a path, and the result, it must be admitted, is but dull reading. Aiming to write a book about England that should conform with her title, she has only succeeded in giving a description of her own passage over a well-beaten tourist route. Mrs. Addison must know her England well, but her book hardly gives the impression of much familiarity with English customs. Her naïve description of a court of law, where "it is so strange to see the judge taking down the testimony himself, with a quill pen, writing it laboriously in long hand," is delicious, while her account of the bumping races at Oxford is almost, not quite, as good as the lady novelist's 'varsity boat race, in which "all rowed fast, but stroke faster than any." For one thing, Mrs. Addison's book is to be commended: she quotes freely from well-known writers concerning different localities, and on that account the volume might be handy for occasional reference.

In writing "The Life of William Robertson Smith" (Macmillan), the authors, Sutherland Black (himself one of the most learned scholars in Britain) and George Chrystal, state that they "have attempted to present a picture of the time in which he lived, to record as completely as possible his many achievements, to explain and justify the part he took in events of critical importance in the religious history of his country, and to convey to their readers something, at least, of the vivid and happy memory which they cherish of their common friend." That they have succeeded admirably in their endeavor, and that the subject is worthy of their labor of love, every reader will cordially admit. Prepared for Aberdeen in a Free Church manse by parents, both of whom had been teachers, Smith distinguished himself at the University, not only in the classics, but also in the exact sciences; even during his theological course he was lecturing on physics at the University of Edinburgh for Professor Tait. The vivid account of his subsequent career, first in the Free Church Theological School at Aberdeen as professor of Hebrew, and then at Cambridge as lecturer on Arabic, as librarian, and, finally, as the successor of Wright in the chair of Arabic, explains adequately the unanimous testimony of his friends, both to his warm-hearted, generous, dominating, if not domineering, personality, and to his boundless knowledge, readiness, and force. "When rallied about his omniscience he would retort by a reference to the fact that he was among the few men who had read through the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

About one-half of the book is devoted to Smith's ecclesiastical troubles, occasioned in the first instance by the article "Bible" in the encyclopædia just referred to, troubles familiar even to those who have but a bowing acquaintance with recent Scottish Church history. The biographers make clear that the Free Church was unable to prove that the critical opinions expressed by Smith contradicted the standards of that church. In fact, in the first case, the professor, by a narrow majority, to be

sure, was let off with an admonition, a decision, by the way, that led him to decline a call to Harvard. But no sooner was the first case ended than the second began. Smith not only was the superior of his judges in the points at issue and a controversialist as skilled as Huxley, but also was convinced, and remained so to the end of his days, that his critical views did not conflict with the doctrine of inspiration as stated in the standards of the Free Church. The ecclesiastical leaders therefore settled the matter by compromise, that is, by dropping the "libel" (*i. e.*, approximately, "indictment"), ousting the professor from his chair, without suspending him from the ministry. The quality of Smith's work as contributor, editor, and editor-in-chief of the ninth edition of the *Britannica*, as a member (the youngest) of the committee for the revision of the Authorized Version of the Bible, as a writer on Old Testament subjects, and as an Arabist, gives him a permanent place in the field of Semitic scholarship; but his greatest achievement is, perhaps, his "Religion of the Semites," a work that entitles him to be regarded "as a founder of the new science of comparative religion, which is based on the study of social anthropology." As a companion volume to the "Life," the biographers have published, under the title "Lectures and Essays of William Robertson Smith" (Macmillan) a selection of papers and addresses which are interesting, both for their intrinsic merit and for the light they throw on the extraordinary versatility of the man.

The most notorious and influential courtesan in an age when courtesans were the power behind the throne is decorously set forth by Philip W. Sergeant in "My Lady Castlemaine" (Dana Estes). The events of Barbara Villiers's life are not made dramatic by any intrusion of the imagination, nor is her character disclosed by disconcerting flashes of insight. From her fourteenth year, when she began a less than ingenuous flirtation with the second Earl of Chesterfield, to her sixty-seventh, when she obtained a divorce from her new husband, the rascally Beau Feilding, because he had been careless enough to marry another woman two weeks before his union with her—between these dates her career is patiently pieced together by a pretty thorough ransacking of the letters, diaries, reminiscences, and official documents of that fertile period. With the full record before him, the reader is allowed to ferret out the secret of that away which she held over Charles II for the first ten years of his reign, and which she retained in a measure to the day of his death.

Two reprints this spring of useful books on China indicate the response which publishers are preparing to make to a reawakened interest in that country. The first of these, Dr. W. A. P. Martin's "Lore of Cathay" (Revell), is reproduced after ten years, from the old plates on a slightly smaller page at a reduced price, with a brief introductory note by James S. Dennis, D.D. The venerable author of this volume redistilled most of its chapters from his own essays previously published in China and America, and it is likely to remain the work which will in future years be associated with his name. While Dr. Martin has not been fecund in contri-

butions of the first importance to Oriental scholarship, his writings are wholly derived from original studies, and owe nothing to the translations of others at work in the same fields. The independence of his opinions was shown twenty-two years ago in a plea before a missionary conference for the toleration of ancestor worship by Christian converts. His paper, which appears in this volume in a less polemical form, aroused considerable antagonism, but it will commend itself to liberal-minded Christians who realize more fully than the propagandists of a passing generation the necessity of leaving the settlement of dispensable doctrines to the growing church of China. The author of the "Lore of Cathay" is at his best when explaining the content and style of Chinese literature. It is a source of regret, in view of the enormous task which yet remains to be done in the way of sifting the heterogeneous materials constituting the mass of that literature, that more of his long life in the Far East has not been devoted to the service of interpreting it to the Western world.

The other reissue, Archibald R. Colquhoun's "China in Transformation" (Harpur), has been rearranged and largely rewritten to comprehend the changes introduced since its publication fourteen years ago. The difficult task has been imperfectly accomplished, but there are substantial merits in the work as a basis of instruction in Chinese affairs for general readers. Mr. Colquhoun, a publicist with a wide range of interests, and considerable experience in Asia, possesses that inimitable style which characterizes the old *London Times* correspondent. His views are those of the typical upholder of Palmerstonian traditions of British policy, who attributes the decreasing influence of England in the East to her departure from the old practice of bullying Asiatics whenever it was desired to advance her interests. He ascribes "the relapse of Great Britain into an effeminate, invertebrate, inconsequent policy, swayed by every wind from without or within, and opposed to the judgment of her own experienced representatives," to the Burlingame Mission of 1868—which does little credit to Lord Clarendon's personal acumen, or to the sense of indignation which a half-century of browbeating had aroused in the minds of honorable Englishmen in Reform-Bill days. It will take some time for British writers to realize that Burlingame was only the moral agent who aroused their nation to an appreciation of the iniquity of the "gun-boat policy" in China.

The Philadelphia Museums, organized for the purpose of aiding the manufacturer to take a larger share in the world's commerce, undertook a few years ago to make a history of commerce from the dawn of trade to the present time, and one result of their labor is "The Periplus of the Erythraean Sea" (Longmans, Green), translated from the Greek and annotated by Wilfred H. Schoff, secretary of the Commercial Museum. This work is believed to be the first record of organized trading with the East in vessels built and commanded by Westerners; its author is unknown, its date is now commonly held to be near the middle of the first century of our era. The voyages, starting, apparently, from Berenice

on the west shore of the Red Sea (on or near the Tropic of Cancer), passed around Arabia up to the mouth of the Persian Gulf, crossed over to the mouth of the Indus, went down the coast of India to Ceylon, and then on the east side up as far as the Ganges. Formerly, says our author (§57), the voyage was made in small vessels which hugged the shores; it was Hippalus who, by studying the ports and the conditions of the sea, made it possible to sail straight across the ocean. The author of the *Periplus* seems to have been an intelligent observer and investigator as well as a good seaman; the chief value of his narrative lies in his enumeration of the articles of commerce of the ports at which he touched and the regions of which he heard. The identification of the places and products mentioned is not an easy task. The editor has consulted all the principal works on the subject, and his notes give a great mass of information on ancient commerce and things connected with it. The obscure points, which are numerous, are treated judiciously, and in an excellent introduction the commercial background of the *Periplus* is described. In several places on p. 3, however, the editor appears not to have observed his usual caution. There is no authority for the statement that "for thousands of years before the emergence of the Greeks from savagery, or before the exploits of the Phœnicians in the Mediterranean and Atlantic, human culture and commerce had centred in the countries bordering on the Persian Gulf." For the commerce of that early period we have no records in Babylonia, India, or elsewhere. Nor have we the right to say that Egypt came into being with (that is, through) the spread of culture from the region of the Persian Gulf. Egypt and Babylonia were contemporary cultural centres; each may have been influenced by the other, but their general developments were native and independent. The statement, also, that the early Arab traders concealed or guarded their commercial undertakings requires explanation. These points, however, do not impair the value of the volume as a commentary on the *Periplus*.

The second and revised edition of W. U. Hensel's study entitled "The Christiana Riot and the Treason Trials of 1851" confirms the impression of his judicial fair-mindedness and unusual thoroughness in dealing with this interesting and significant prelude to the Civil War. Nothing brought out more clearly, prior to John Brown's raid, the irrevocable conflict in the points of view of North and South than this bloodshed in Pennsylvania over a determined effort of a Maryland slaveholder to recover fugitive slaves under the Federal law of 1850, with the result that the raiding master lost his life September 11, 1851. As a result there were indicted "more persons for treason than were ever before or since tried for that crime in the United States." Mr. Hensel, who is a former Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, gives a good summary of the political causes leading up to the riot, and has covered all the ground with commendable thoroughness, particularly in its legal aspects, availing himself of careful local studies, the stenographic report of the trials, narratives of survivors, etc. It is hard to see how this narrative could be improved upon. It is

well illustrated, and ought to be in every library of Americana of the slavery period. (New Era Publishing Co.)

According to the view taken by Gustavus Myers in his "History of the Supreme Court" (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.), that tribunal has been engaged from the beginning of its history up to the present time in a conspiracy against the rights of the people. During its entire existence it has "incarnated into final law the demands of the ruling class"; its history is the history of the origin and progress of capitalism, "which has been accompanied by ceaseless fraud and bribery," and "which necessarily began with the appropriation of land and the dispossession of workers." The numerous decisions upholding statutes intended to remedy social evils, or enforcing laws to curb unlawful combinations of capital, are brushed aside with the remark that they were based not on conviction but on fear. The decision sustaining the initiative and referendum law of Oregon, for instance, was probably due to the fact that Senator La Follette at the time was "wildly applauded, when he advocated the recall of the Justices of the Supreme Court." None of its members, past or present, escapes condemnation. Marshall's opinions are full of "evident subterfuges and the grossest contradictions." His decision that the Supreme Court had the power of annulling legislation, which was held to be an impairment of the obligations of contracts, was inspired by personal interest. Story was nothing but a satellite of Marshall. Judge Holmes is "hide-bound by class views and class associations," and owes his appointment to the fact that his father "had been an essayist of tolerable fame"; Judge Hughes, while personally honest in money matters, is guilty of "intellectual and class dishonesty which in its results far exceeds pecuniary dishonesty." The Supreme Court, like all other human institutions, is fallible, and no one will object to a fair and honest criticism of its decisions. But extravagant accusations, based to a great extent on popular rumors, insinuations, articles by muck-raking writers, and ex-parte statements, recoil on the author and discredit the cause he advocates. Mr. Myers says in his preface that he seeks "to go to the basic depths"; it certainly would be difficult to sink any lower.

The subject treated by Robert H. Whitten, "Valuation of Public Service Corporations" (Banks Law Publishing Co.), has attained to great importance within recent years, owing to the development of public control over public service corporations. Since the courts have decided that such companies are entitled to earn a fair return on the fair value of their property, the courts and the commissioners have been put to it to determine of what elements this value consists. The author has done his work in a thoroughly practical way. He has examined not only the decisions of the courts, but the unpublished reports of arbitrators, masters, and appraisal commissioners, and also the decisions of Public Service Commissioners. The quotations are full, and these together with the additional information furnished, compose an accurate statement of the essential facts in each case.

The publication of Part 2 of the second volume of Abu'l-Mahasin's "History of the

Rulers of Egypt," in the University of California Publications in Semitic Philology, edited by William Popper, has now been completed (Berkeley: The University Press); the paging has been made continuous with that of Juynboll's edition of Vol. I and Vol. II, Part 1. For the text five manuscripts have been used, and the editor has had the assistance of Nöldeke, Seybold, Gottheil, Macdonald, de Goeje, and others. The editor hopes to continue the publication of the work (the Nujum az-Zahira), but he gives an index of proper names to the portion so far edited by him, and a glossary of words and phrases not found in Lane or in Dozy. Abu'l-Mahasin's History covers the period from the Moslem conquest (year 638) to the accession of the Mamluk Sultan Kait Bey (1467); the present publication comes down to the year 1020. Professor Popper and the University of California have laid scholars under obligation by bringing out this critical and well-printed edition of an important historical work, and it is to be hoped that they will give us the rest of the Nujum.

Prof. Theodor Gomperz, philosopher and classical scholar, is dead in Vienna. He was born at Brünn in 1832. On graduating from the University of Vienna in 1867, he became privat-docent and later professor of classical philology. In 1882 he was elected a member of the Academy of Science. Professor Gomperz received the degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Königsberg, and that of doctor of literature from the Universities of Dublin and Cambridge. Of his many published works we may mention: "Demosthenes der Staatsmann," "Herkulanische Studien," and his great history of Greek philosophy, "Griechische Denker."

Science

Science books in the autumn list of Sturgis & Walton Company include: "Sleep and the Sleepless: Simple Rules for Overcoming Insomnia," by Dr. Joseph Collins, and "Pygmies and Papuans," an account of a scientific expedition made in 1911 under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society and the Ornithologists Union to the Snow Mountains of Dutch New Guinea, by A. F. R. Wollaston.

McBride, Nast & Co. are adding to their House and Garden-Making Series "Making a Garden with Hotbed and Coldframe"; "Making a Fireplace," and "Making a Bulb Garden."

"The Home-Life of the Osprey" (Brentano's), by Clinton G. Abbott, is the third in a series of home-life studies of birds, each of which is photographically illustrated. Gardiner's Island is the scene of most of Mr. Abbott's studies, and he gives us abundant proof of patient labor with field-glass and camera, omitting no phase of the nesting habits or life of the young birds. The thirty-two excellent photographic facsimiles bring to mind one of the most interesting traits of this bird, its extreme attachment to the nesting site. Year after year a pair of birds may breed at the summit of a tall tree, but when at last the tremendous weight of the nest results in the fall of the tree, the birds use

the shattered mass of debris on the ground as the basis for a new home, and thus gradually accumulate a mound of sticks and seaweed, which elevate the eggs and young birds to just a convenient height for photographic work. With such facilities one can readily see how Mr. Abbott has been able to make most intimate studies of the home-life of the fish-hawk. A book, even of this popular nature, would be rendered much more valuable by the addition of an index.

Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's "Moths of the Limberlost" (Doubleday, Page) is a happy relief from the made-to-order nature books which flood the market at the present time. Instead of a mass of good, bad, and indifferent photographs, purchased by some publisher and turned over to a hack writer who is supposed to supply enough text to tie the series together, we have a collection of exceptional photographs made by the author herself, and by her colored in the most life-like manner. It is virtually true, as she states in her introduction, that the illustration of every moth book that has attempted colored reproduction proves by shrivelled bodies and unnatural position of the wings that it has been painted from subjects mounted from weeks to years in private collections and museums, and that a lifeless moth fades rapidly under the most favorable conditions. Her own illustrations are, in nearly every case, of moths photographed before they had taken flight, and their colors were copied as soon as the down was dry and fluffy. They have been reproduced with remarkable fidelity in the beautiful book before us. It goes without saying that the author of "The Harvester," "The Girl of the Limberlost," and other stories, has written entertainingly of her insect friends. The life-long interest in nature which shows in all of her writings, is here given free rein, and we have many experiences recounted which have been elsewhere interwoven with her fiction. The habits and the life-histories of the large moths which she has studied, are described with the same accuracy and charm which are shown in her illustrations. When it comes to generalizing, Mrs. Porter is not so fortunate. Like all careful students of insect life, she has been able to observe many facts not recorded in the textbooks, and even to correct some commonly accepted statements. This has hardly qualified her to pass upon moot questions of insect psychology, morphology, or metamorphosis, or to criticise so freely the writers who "fail to explain the absolutely essential points over which an amateur has trouble." However, the few faults of the book are such as may be attributed to over-enthusiasm. Author and publisher have cooperated in producing a book which is attractive from cover to cover, and which will do much to stimulate study of a group full of interest for the nature lover.

The "Supplément Général" (Paris: Berger-Levrault, pp. 404) marks the completion of a military encyclopædia—the "Dictionnaire Militaire"—that has dragged its weary length through twenty years of preparation and publication. In many cases this supplement renders reference to the main work almost unnecessary. The subject of aviation is, of course, well to the front, with but scant justice to the Wright

brothers. A new feature is a brief but adequate and accurate summary of the military strength of the civilized nations. We have to criticize the paucity of illustrations an unpardonable defect in a subject in which illustrations would mean so much; we could easily spare, for example, the diagram of the Norwegian ski, (p. 368), for a few illustrations of the modern rapid fire gun, of which not one is furnished.

E. E. Fournier d'Albo's "Contemporary Chemistry" (Van Nostrand) is "intended to give a bird's-eye view of the whole field of modern chemistry," and is written in the breezy style characteristic of the majority of the publications attempting to present a "concise summing-up" of the achievements of chemistry for the general reader. At first glance, it seems to be attractive, but, while it may stimulate interest in chemistry, it is decidedly inadequate. The author states that "the aim throughout has been to include the latest phase of each subject, down to the end of 1910." This may have been the aim, but the work gives neither a rational nor a connected account of the important lines of contemporary chemistry; the whole book shows an unfamiliarity with the state of chemistry to-day and its recent progress; and if written in an entertaining style, it is nevertheless the product of hasty and indiscriminate compilation. The author's indiscriminate is instanced in the chapter on Amibty, wherein the many experimental methods of measuring chemical affinity, which, in conjunction with comparing the great amount of data thus far accumulated, constitutes the real work of the present time, are not mentioned; on pp. 21 and 22, where no mention is made of Svedberg, Perrin, and others; and on pp. 56 and 57, where ordinary and electrolytic dissociation, and specific conductivity and molar conductivity are confused. There are other confusions and inaccurate statements. The author is evidently unfamiliar with the investigations of Marcellin Berthelot, for he attributes the usual remarkable knowledge and discoveries to Geber, Basil Valentine, and other pseudo-alchemists. The book is well indexed; the printers have done their work well; but the work fills no space in chemical literature, and was therefore uncalled for.

Drama and Music

David Garrick and his French Friends.

By Frank A. Hedgcock. New York: Duffield & Co. \$3.50 net.

This book contains new matter, in some hitherto unprinted, though not unknown, correspondence between the actor-manager and French friends, but none of it is important or throws any new light upon the personality or abilities of the modern Roscius. Nevertheless, the volume has conspicuous merits. It is the work of a conscientious and accomplished scholar—Mr. Hedgcock is lecturer on French literature in the University of Birmingham—it is agreeably written, furnishes a full and intelligent epitome of what most of the recognized authorities have contributed

to the subject, dwells chiefly upon those features of David's career which are least familiar to the general public, and is uncommonly rich and honest in the matter of references. Moreover, it is distinguished by a sobriety of judgment in which many of the biographies of Garrick are markedly deficient.

For instance, the chapter on The Admirer of Shakespeare, while giving Garrick full credit for mere histrionic achievement, disposes pretty effectually of his right to be regarded as an enlightened or reverent interpreter of the bard. Especially interesting and acute is the connection which it establishes between contemporaneous French criticism of the Shakespearean drama and his own abominable mutilation of the masterpieces of which he habitually professed himself so devout a worshipper. Such plain speech on this topic is welcome. As a matter of fact, there was almost as much justice as malice in Cibber's savage ridicule. Mr. Hedgcock again displays sound judgment in his estimate of Garrick's poetic abilities, which were of an exceedingly moderate order. He could write a sprightly line, turn a neat epigram, pay a pretty compliment, or make a dexterous allusion, but his imaginative and creative literary powers were small. In his most effective verse the inspiration is manifestly the memory of the experienced performer.

The speculations concerning the motives and the incidents of Garrick's first visit to Paris (1751) are founded on somewhat insufficient data and, in any case, are not particularly profitable. Much more interesting is the chapter devoted to the French dancer Noverre and the testimony of the latter to the astonishing powers of Garrick's pantomime. The Gallic artist is entitled, of course, to be regarded as more or less of an expert on a question of this kind, but at the same time some allowance must be made for the fact that he was seeking the good will of a powerful manager from whom he expected a highly remunerative engagement. From the beginning the public exchange of mutual adulation among theatrical celebrities has been much more common than sincere. But it seems clear that it was Noverre's close observation of the effects of Garrick's gesture and vivid facial expression that led him to abandon the harlequin's mask and modify the more arbitrary symbols of his profession, and to originate the more realistically dramatic ballets in which he was to achieve fame and fortune. His description of Garrick's tragic acting is full of ardor, but, if taken literally, undoubtedly tends to justify the suspicion that the most highly belauded achievements of the actor had in them more of melodramatic exaggeration—mere frenzied vehemence of voice and action—than of true tragic inspiration.

It has always been difficult to reconcile the theory of Garrick's perfect realization of the loftiest of Shakespeare's ideals with his stupid and callous mangling of the text which enshrined them. On the other hand, it is only fair to point out that he criticised the illustrious Dumesnil for her employment of unnatural and artificial gestures.

It is perfectly plain that Garrick maintained the most intimate relations with such eminent French performers as Dumesnil, Clairon, Le Kain, and Prévile, and repaid them, and all his ecstatic French entertainers, with a most generous measure of the flattery with which he himself was laden, though never overwhelmed. He probably regarded all the flowery tributes offered to his genius as richly deserved and perfectly sincere, but it is safe to say the eulogies which he bestowed, in turn, upon his kindly critics were due to his politeness rather than his convictions. It is evident, indeed, that if the French system of acting, with all its traditional mannerisms of gesture and utterance, were correct, his own must have been all wrong. That he did, in the main, in his acting hold the mirror up to nature cannot be doubted. The cumulative evidence on that point is too strong to be disputed. In each dramatic situation he was called upon to interpret he followed the dictates of his instincts and perceptions. That he learned something from French example, especially in the direction of artistic restraint, is altogether probable. At all events, he has been accepted as the nonpareil of his time. But there still remains an uncertainty as to the actual extent of his versatility, of his power to create those absolute metamorphoses with which he has been credited. Was he, within certain limits, a veritable Proteus, or was he simply extraordinarily facile in the representation of certain phases of his own elastic personality? The latter supposition appears to be the more reasonable, but the problem is one that cannot be solved now.

It is an interesting suggestion that Garrick's acting lay at the bottom of Diderot's much-quoted paradox. Unless all contemporary testimony is fallacious, the Drury Lane manager was never so wrapped up in his part as to be oblivious of his surroundings or the attitude of his spectators. The same thing might be said of almost every first-class actor since his time.

Of the letters now first published by Mr. Hedgcock none is important enough for quotation. Those of the actor Suard are the most entertaining. There are interesting chapters also on Madame Riccoboni—one of the liveliest and most excitable of correspondents—and on Jean Monnet, who testified to his profound appreciation of and affection for Garrick, by executing all imag-

inable commissions for him with indefatigable industry and care. No doubt, Mrs. Garrick read most of his letters, as they were largely devoted to her affairs. Whether she really read and approved of all those which passed between David and the inflammable Riccoboni is another matter. The book is an admirable bit of press-work—printing, paper, and illustrations all being excellent.

The text of Richard Grant White's "Shakespeare" has been revised for a pocket edition in twelve volumes, which Little, Brown will issue in the autumn. Those in charge of the work are Prof. W. P. Trent and Dr. Benjamin Wells, the late Prof. John B. Henneman having also contributed to the undertaking.

"The Perplexed Husband" of Alfred Sutro, just produced in the Empire Theatre and described as a four-act comedy, is actually a farcical skit on some of the more extravagant features of the woman's rights question, is meant for amusement only, and requires but brief critical notice. Two propagandists, one a male humbug and the other a female bigot, inspire in a young wife, Sophie Pelling, the spirit of revolt against her affectionate and inoffensive husband. She astonishes the latter by telling him that he must acknowledge her equal authority in all matters or lose her forever. By the advice of his sister he introduces into his house a romantic "typist," who professes a great passion for the beautiful, dresses in Greek fashion, and calls herself Kalleia. His object is to bring his wife to her senses by exciting her jealousy. In this latter object he succeeds easily enough, and all sorts of complications, generally of an obvious kind, ensue. Finally, Kalleia ends them by carrying off the male agitator, to the infinite despair of his female associate, who has already abandoned husband and children as proof of her independence. Sophie then seeks reconciliation with her husband, to whom she has always been devoted. Plainly, this is a wholly artificial story, with no social and very little dramatic significance, while the personages are, in the main, merely theatrical puppets. But the piece has some comic situations and many effective lines, including some that are admirably witty. Moreover, the popular actor, John Drew, finds a congenial part in the character of the hero.

In "The Model," his new comedy which was produced in the Harris Theatre on Saturday night, Augustus Thomas has not reached the high level of much of his maturer work. It exhibits some neat workmanship—that is always expected of him—contains some admirable dialogue and one or two effective comedy scenes, but the story is conventional in itself and is handled in thoroughly conventional fashion. This is all the more unfortunate as the piece purports to be a plea against the restrictions imposed upon art and education by narrow and ignorant social conventions. His hero is a high-minded and highly endowed artist, who loves his model, a young woman of supposedly poor origin but singular grace, refinement, and beauty. The girl is modesty personified, has never posed for anybody but

himself, but is so inspired by artistic intuition, so interested in his success, and is so devoted to him personally, that she willingly becomes a model for the nude, and so enables him to realize certain ideals which win for him great artistic triumphs. He wishes to marry her, but feels that he is bound in honor to an heiress, to whom he has long been engaged. This difficulty, however, is solved by the heiress, who dismisses him upon the promptings of a jealous rival, a scheming cousin, whom she prefers. Then his best friend, an illustrious French novelist, who is in New York hunting for a long lost daughter, denounces his folly in dreaming of marrying a model—which, he argues, could result only in his social ruin and the unhappiness of both—and suggests that his one wise course is to wed the heiress and make the model his mistress, as any sane Frenchman would do. This counsel, which is equally offensive to both the persons principally concerned, is productive of lively discussion of social morals and ethics, much of which is written in Mr. Thomas's best style and is full of sage and liberal reflection. Finally, as has been evident from the first, the model is proved to be the missing daughter of the Frenchman, who straightway declares that now that the girl's social respectability has been established, the only obstacle to the marriage has been removed. Thus all ends happily. Such a story is obviously artificial and insignificant. Its relation to real life is of the slightest, and the destined course of it is too obvious to excite dramatic interest. What Mr. Thomas, through his mouthpieces, has to say about the differences between the naked and the nude, idealization and exposure, the nastiness of Pharisaism, the narrowness of prejudice, and the blindness of ignorance is all sound and helpful, but there is nothing that is conclusive and little that is reasonable about his illustration. His angelic model is not a convincing or sympathetic personage. But, even if she be accepted at her face value, she is scarcely a demonstration of the general desirability of models as wives and mothers. The play is not without its attractive features, and may run, but it will add nothing to Mr. Thomas's reputation.

The latest of the monumental catalogues printed by the British Museum is concerned with the printed music published between 1487 and 1800. It makes two volumes of small type, the first containing 775 pages, the second 720. The name of the compiler and editor, William Barclay Squire, is a guaranty of thoroughness and reliability. Price, three guineas. Prominent among the composers represented are Handel, who occupies forty columns, and Haydn, who has eighteen. A feature of the catalogue is that it contains the first list ever made of the music which was so prominent in many French and English periodicals of the eighteenth century. There are special headings for hymns, psalms, motets, and so on.

Some of Wagner's most interesting literary productions, mostly written to earn his daily bread during his three years' sojourn in Paris, are not to be found in the ten-volume editions of his works. They will all be included in the new edition now

being issued by Breitkopf & Härtel in twelve volumes at the low price of a mark a volume (\$3 the set). Coming just before the Wagner centenary, this edition will doubtless have an enormous sale. It is to be hoped that the final volume will include a genuinely helpful index, after the model of those made by the ingenious Mr. Ellis for his English versions of Wagner's essays and letters.

Cleopatra seems to be in high favor just now with opera composers. A few years ago the young Danish musician Enna chose her as his heroine, and now report has it that Massenet has in his desk a "Cleopatra," while the Paris Opéra has promised Camille Erlanger to mount his opera on the same Egyptian Queen.

Lilli Lehmann, Kubelik, and Richard Strauss will be among the artists taking part in a gala concert which is to be given in Dresden on September 21 in honor of Schuch's fortieth anniversary as conductor. The Dresden Opera, over which Schuch has so ably presided decade after decade, opened its season as early as August 11.

When Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" was nearing completion, the *London Times* was the medium for giving to the world the first authentic details regarding it. This time *Kunst und Bühne* has succeeded in being first in the field with reliable information about his new work. This work, it now appears, is a composite production—a play with incidental music, followed by a one-act opera. The play is a condensation by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, of Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." This comedy is in five acts, but the German playwright has reduced it to two, omitting the numerous lines which would not appeal to a modern audience. He has carefully retained, as a matter of course, all the situations offering a chance for a musical interlude, and of these opportunities Strauss has made abundant use. There is an overture, and each of the personages in the play, on appearing on the stage, gets a musical tag of identification. The citizen Jourdain, for instance, who imitates the ways of noblemen, is heralded by an imposing trumpet fanfare. Jourdain also sings a song in which he gets off the key woefully. Among the musical numbers are also a minuet, a pastoral duet, and a dance of the tailors. The first three performances of this composite novelty are to be conducted by Strauss himself, and a cycle of his former operas follows them. The Stuttgart Theatre, in which all these things will be heard, is a beautiful new building, which deserves a more savory and truly musical send-off.

The outcome of the London opera season was almost as unsatisfactory as the concert season. How Oscar Hammerstein fared is known to all, as he made no secret of it. He had hardly any singers known to universal fame, and without such singers opera prospers not anywhere. Covent Garden had a few singers of the highest rank, but not enough of them to make its season a success. The heroine of the year was Emmy Destinn; yet even with her in the cast the last performance of "The Girl of the Golden West" drew only half an audience.

Arthur Nikisch's list of novelties for the coming season's Philharmonic concerts in

Berlin includes E. W. Korngold's "Overture to a Drama," Richard Mandl's "Overture to a Tournament," Walter Braunfels's "Carnival Overture," Holbrook's "Queen Mab Scherzo," Gustav Mrazek's "Max und Moritz." For composers little known, as some of these are, it is a great triumph to be represented at these Nikiach concerts, which stand at the head of the 1,800 concerts given in Berlin each year.

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the most important of negro musical composers, and one of the best known of modern composers, died recently in London, where he was born August 15, 1875. He was the son of a doctor of medicine, a native of Sierra Leone, and an English mother. In 1891, he entered the Royal College of Music, as a student of the violin, studied composition with Sir Villiers Stanford, and gained a composition scholarship in 1893. In 1898 the first part of his *Hiawatha* trilogy, "*Hiawatha's Wedding Feast*," was produced at the Royal College. His fame in America rests mostly on this choral work. The second part, "*The Death of Minnehaha*," was brought out at the North Staffordshire Festival in the autumn of 1899, and the third, "*Hiawatha's Departure*," by the Royal Choral Society, at the Albert Hall, on March 22, 1900. In the following May the overture to the whole was heard for the first time. He wrote incidental music for many of the plays which Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree produced at His Majesty's Theatre. This included accompaniments to the dramas, "*Herod*," "*Ulysses*," "*Nero*," and "*Faust*," all by Stephen Phillips. In 1904 he became conductor of the London Handel Society.

Art

Hellenistisches Silbergerät in antiken Gipsabgüssen. Von Otto Rubensohn. Festschrift zur Feier der Eröffnung des Pellizäus-Museum zu Hildesheim. Berlin: Verlag von Karl Curtius.

The art of plaster casting is not an invention of modern times, but was known to the ancients and was frequently practiced, especially during the early Hellenistic period, that is, the end of the fourth and the beginning of the third century B. C. This we know not only from the statements of writers, such as Pliny and Plutarch, but from actual specimens found chiefly in Egypt and Southern Russia. A valuable contribution to our knowledge of this practice is made by Rubensohn's study of the casts in the Pellizäus Museum. The pieces were all bought together in Cairo, and are said to have been found in a number of adjoining houses in ancient Memphis. The majority of the casts are reliefs taken from metal originals, as can be seen from the sharpness of the lines, which presuppose the use of the chisel. They are derived from a variety of objects, such as vases, mirror-covers, weapons, horse-trappings,

jewelry, etc., and appear to have served as models in the workshops of metal workers—presumably both as a useful stock of motives for the designers themselves and as patterns from which the buyer could choose to his liking. There are also several heads, evidently cast from sculptors' preliminary sketches, as well as a number of moulds. The subjects represented are very various, comprising both decorative and figured motives. Of special interest are a milking scene, quite idyllic in conception and executed with charming naturalism, and the representation of a woman worshipping before a statue. Noteworthy are also several portraits of the Ptolemies, which formed central medallions for cups.

All this material is of great importance, not only for our knowledge of plaster casting in antiquity, but even more for the light it sheds on the metal-lurgy of the early Hellenistic period; though of humbler material, this find ranks in scientific and artistic value with the famous treasures of Hildesheim, Boscoreale, and Bernay. And there is another fact upon which the author rightly lays stress. This discovery teaches us that we must once for all cease regarding Alexandria as the only centre of Hellenistic art in Egypt; for it is now clear, as other finds had already intimated, that Memphis, the old centre of the country, long maintained her importance side by side with the new capital.

The publication of the material is excellent. Each piece is well illustrated, carefully described and discussed, and, where possible, correlated to kindred representations. The Pellizäus Museum is to be congratulated, both on its acquisition of this collection and on the method in which it has made the collection accessible to students by a full and careful publication.

We have received from F. Gutekunst, the Philadelphia photographer, an imperial sepiä platinum picture, 13½ by 16 inches, of the late Dr. Horace Howard Furness. The picture, which is suitable for framing, is regarded as an excellent likeness by members of Dr. Furness's family, and was so regarded by Dr. Furness himself.

Louis McClellan Potter, whose death was announced last week from Seattle, Wash., was born in Troy, N. Y., in 1873. He graduated from Trinity College, Hartford. While in college he began the study of art under Charles Noël Flagg, painting under Montague Flagg in summer vacations. In Paris he studied painting under Luc-Olivier Merson, and modelling under Jean Dampé. After working in clay for a year and a half, he exhibited in the Champs de Mars a bust of his friend Bernard Boutet de Monvel, son of the distinguished artist, and himself a painter. For a time he studied in Tunis, received commissions from that Government, and was decorated by the Bey. After returning to this country, Potter made a spe-

cialty of American Indian groups. He had become by this time definitely a sculptor, although he still worked in color, and discovered and perfected a method of making prints of extreme beauty.

Finance

NEW INFLUENCES.

With the opening of September a quite unusual group of new influences, or of old influences in a new form, is appearing on the financial markets. Last Tuesday, the very first business day of the autumn month, the Government gave out a highly important estimate on the cotton crop's condition; it showed that condition, with the second largest acreage on record, to be above that of 1911, and above the September average for the past ten years. On the same day occurred the Vermont election, with its traditional bearing on the drift of the Presidential campaign. The Maine election is to be held next Tuesday; the Government grain crop estimates will be published on the same day; the Steel Corporation's "unfilled-orders statement," as of August 31, will appear September 10, giving further light on the state of the steel and iron trade. In the meantime, all the financial community has been watching for some possible light on the tendencies of the autumn New York money market.

This last-named consideration is a matter of singular interest. Last Thursday the Bank of England advanced its official discount rate to 4 per cent.—the highest reported at this time of year since 1907. On Saturday, the New York weekly bank statement showed the smallest surplus reserve reported at the end of August since 1906.

Neither in London nor in New York did the money market make any excited response to these occurrences, though the New York call money rate rose above 4 per cent. last Monday. But it was quite inevitable that the question should be asked, whether or not the money market is likely to interfere with the favorable course of finance and industry. It was the more inevitable, in that a very large demand by the West on Eastern bank resources, for use in connection with the great harvests and the Western trade revival, was believed to be impending, and that the fixing of a high discount rate by the Bank of England is apt to mean that its managers either feel already, or else foresee, a demand of more than ordinary proportions on the money markets of the world at large.

Perhaps the question as to the money market's bearing on trade affairs may be met by putting another question—whether people may not already, consciously or unconsciously, have prepared for exactly such a condition of af-

fairs. Nobody doubts that revival of trade activity in the United States—especially when accompanied by harvests of a possibly unprecedented total value, whose purchase, transportation, and marketing must be financed in a few months' time—will impose unusual requirements on the supply of floating capital. It will not have been forgotten that in 1905 and 1906, under somewhat analogous conditions, credit facilities were strained to the breaking point, and that, in fact, the breaking point was actually reached in 1907.

But it has not been the habit of the business community to place the blame for that world-wide and very serious stringency on bumper harvests, or even, primarily, on trade expansion. The manifest trouble in that period was that the financial and industrial world was attempting to do everything at once. With trade activity at its absolute maximum and enormous harvests in process of distribution, speculation was running absolutely wild. There was scarcely a staple commodity of production which was not being held in prodigious quantities for the rise, with borrowed money.

Stock Exchange speculation was also being pursued on a scale of recklessness and audacity rarely witnessed in the history of finance. The richest men in America had virtually cornered stocks with a value running well towards the hundred millions, were putting up prices at the rate of 10 or 20 points a week, and were using the stocks, at their new quotations, to borrow 10 or 20 per cent. more money from the banks. Along with this, promoting and underwriting enterprises of the most extravagant sort were on the boards. The late M. Leroy-Beaulieu, with his customary clear insight into world finance, had already shown to the public that the borrowing world was asking for the immediate use of more fresh capital than the money lending world had been able to accumulate.

The question to ask at the present time, then, is whether the situation now confronting the money market is similar to that of those other years, and most observant people will probably answer in the negative. In the United States, at any rate, it is a chastened promoting and speculating community on which the great harvests and the trade revival of 1912 are descending. Some of the reckless financial adventurers of 1905 and 1906 and 1909 have disappeared forever from the scene. Some have ended their period of activity. Some have had their financial wings so clipped that they will do no more flying in Wall Street. Some are devoting to amateur politics the energies formerly applied to over-promotion, over-capitalization, and over-speculation.

Their successors are mostly men who have been able to learn something from

experience. No better evidence of these changed conditions could be had than the spectacle which the New York stock market has presented throughout the month of August. Along with the enforced abandonment of these activities, business itself has spent nearly three years in retrenchment and conservative economy.

Commodity prices, it is true, are high, and the marketing of new securities has been large; but there has at least been an annual accumulation of free capital to take care of them. A sudden demand for capital from expanding trade and increasing production will, of course, draw heavily on such supplies. It may make money dear; it may cause liquidation of stocks to provide the capital for which genuine trade makes a higher bid. Even in so comfortable a financial year as 1898, legitimate business requirements of this sort caused a 6 per cent. call-money market in the autumn, and brought the New York bank surplus down to \$4,000,000 in September. What followed on that occasion was a large gold movement from Europe to America, which London readily provided, because it had the gold (as it has to-day) and because we had credits instead of debts to exchange for it (as we did not have between 1904 and 1911). In the end, the American trade recovery was financed with little inconvenience. We are presently to see what the course of events in these directions is to be, at the present interesting juncture.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Archimedes, *The Method of: A Supplement to the Works of 1897.* Edited by T. L. Heath. Putnam.
- Bacon, J. D. *The Inheritance.* D. Appleton. \$1.30 net.
- Barnett, A., and Dale, L. *An Anthology of English Prose (1332 to 1740).* Longmans.
- Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. x., edited by A. R. Waller. (Cambridge English Classics.) Putnam.
- Booth, E. C. *Bella.* D. Appleton. \$1.30 net.
- Bramah, Ernest. *The Transmutation of Ling, with Twelve Designs, by I. Lynch.* Brentano. \$3.75 net.
- Brooks, S. D. *English Composition. Book Two.* American Book Co. \$1.
- Browning, Robert. *Selection of Poems (1835-1864),* edited by W. T. Young. Putnam. 75 cents net.
- Buchan, John. *Sir Walter Raleigh.* Holt.
- Burnam, J. M. *An Old Portuguese Version of the Rule of Benedict.* University of Cincinnati. 75 cents.
- Cairns, W. B. *History of American Literature.* Frowde.
- Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature. Nos. 33 to 42 inclusive. Putnam. 40 cents net, each.
- Canfield, W. W. *At Seneca Castle.* Dutton. \$1.25 net.
- Chenery, W. E. *Home Entertaining.* Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 75 cents net.
- Dell, J. A. *The Gateways of Knowledge.* (Cambridge Nature Series.) Putnam. \$1.50 net.
- Dix, B. M. *Betty-Bide-at-Home.* Holt. \$1.25 net.
- Doty, A. H. *Prompt Aid to the Injured.* Fifth edition. D. Appleton. \$1.50 net.
- Drever, James. *Greek Education, Its Practice and Principles.* Putnam.
- Duchesne, Louis. *Early History of the Christian Church. Rendered into English from the Fourth Edition. Vol. II.* Longmans, Green. \$2.50 net.
- Dudeney, Mrs. Henry. *Maid's Money.* Duffield. \$1.25 net.
- Godfrey, C., and Siddons, A. W. *A Shorter Geometry.* Putnam. 80 cents net.
- Haines, A. C. *Partners for Fair.* Holt. \$1.25 net.
- Hartley, C. G. *The Story of Santiago de Compostela.* Dutton. \$1.75 net.
- Hartmann, J. W. *The Gonga-Hrólfssaga: A Study in Old Norse Philology.* (Col. Univ. Studies.) Lemcke & Buechner.
- Hawtre, Valentina. *Heritage: A Novel.* Duffield. \$1.30 net.
- Jackson, J. C. *British and American Wolcotts.* New York: The Author.
- James, William. *On Some of Life's Ideals.* (Reprint from *Talks to Teachers.*) Holt. 50 cents net.
- Jones, Alice. *Marcus Holbeach's Daughter.* D. Appleton. \$1.30 net.
- "Junius Aryan." *The Aryans and Mongrelized America.* Philadelphia: Eagle Printing House. 15 cents.
- Kennedy, J. W. *Newark in the Public Schools of Newark.* Newark, N. J.: Board of Education.
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